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JULY
1945

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 31, No. 1 JULY, 1945

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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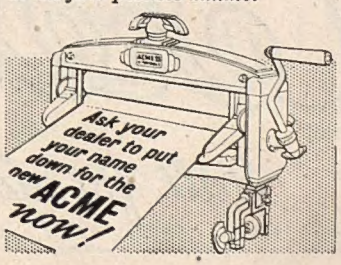

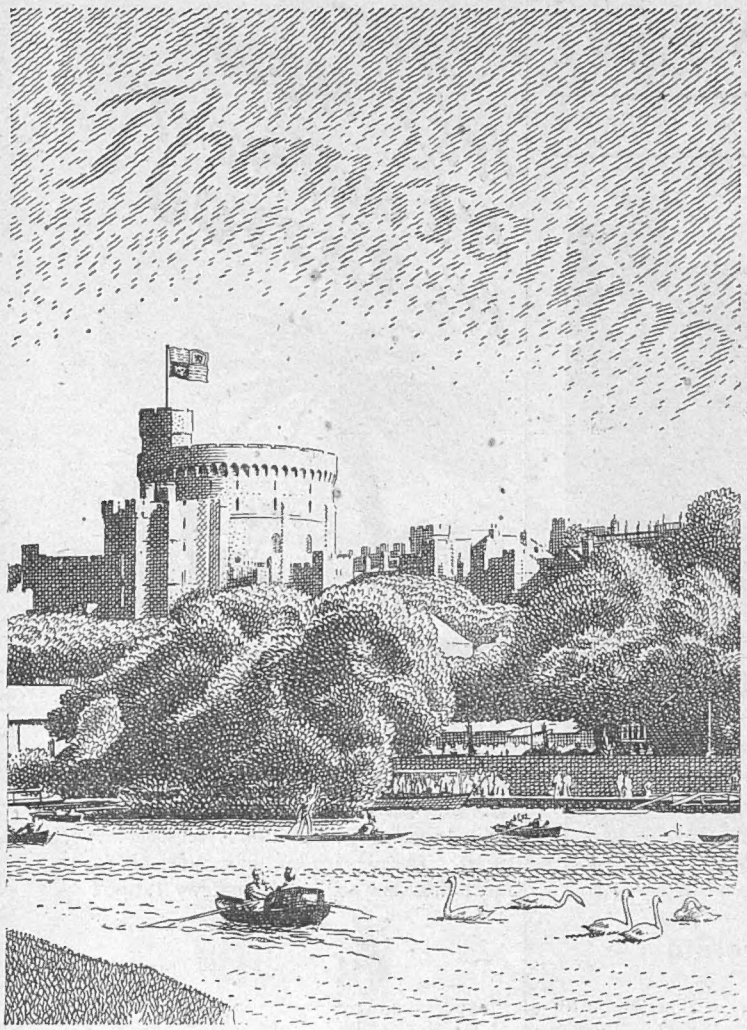

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND. How we sang it—in the dark days. Now, England is saved. How can we best give thanks? By making this England a land worth living in. By thrift—by saving. Our savings helped our men to defeat Germany. Our continued savings will help to make this country worthy of the men who preserved it.

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Lucky me

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John Evelyn

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to all who made Victory possible. How we wish we could offer them the drink that means Good Health—
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We *don't* keep Nescafé up our sleeve. It's just that supplies can't keep pace with ever-growing demand. But it may be *your* turn soon. And then, a spoonful in the cup, near-boiling water, and hey presto! A quick cup of fragrant full-flavoured coffee. No bother to make, no bother-some grounds. Just enjoyment of a *good* cup of coffee.

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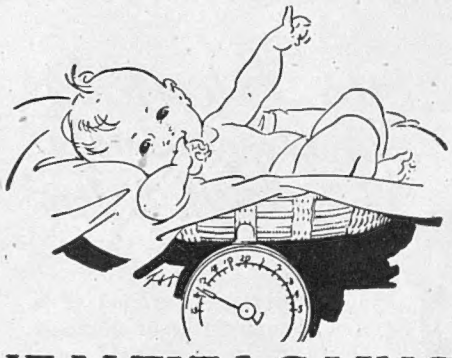

HEALTHY GAINS *for* YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother.

Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

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A clear beautiful skin is always a healthy skin. And you cannot keep your skin healthy unless you keep it really clean. Soap and water washing is not enough. For real cleansing you need my Skin Beauty Routine. Your skin feels fresher. Looks more naturally attractive. The special cleansing ingredients in Anne French Cleansing Milk, used in the simple routine, search out the hidden impurities that cause exasperating little skin blemishes. Carry out my routine regularly —and give yourself a real beauty treatment every time you make up.

FOLLOW MY *Skin Beauty* ROUTINE

★ Thoroughly deep cleanse the skin pores by firm upward and outward strokes with cotton wool soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in *lukewarm* water. Dry on soft towel.

★★★ Now make up—using Anne French Cleansing Milk as a powder base if you like. During the day, when using it as a skin freshener, you need not wash your face.

Anne French CLEANSING MILK

I MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR SHORT SUPPLIES. My insistence on limiting supplies to the available quantities of the fine ingredients that have always gone to the making of 'Anne French' Cleansing Milk, means it is rather more difficult to get than usual; but I know you'll agree—for your skin's sake—it's well worth searching for. Price 2/6d, including Purchase Tax.

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Thank goodness I had my

'Viyella' Regd. frock

Lucky you, to have a 'Viyella' frock—still looks new after much wear and washing. Today 'Viyella' is on war duty, but there is 'Dayella' Utility cloth with the unshrinkable finish, which also bears the trusted 'Day and Night Wear' sign.

VIYELLA HOUSE DAY & NIGHT WEAR NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

N.G.2

Liberty Explains

If you sometimes find Liberty Shoes difficult to get, please remember that the Services need leather even more than we at home. Our materials are consequently restricted in spite of the fact that the longer life and exclusive design of Liberty Shoes are causing more people than ever to walk with Liberty. We do our best.

Walk with Liberty

Liberty Shoes Ltd. LEICESTER.

B.E.4

WHAT WILL IT BE!

THIS CRAFTSMAN, one of the most highly skilled glass-makers in the world, is shaping a globule of molten glass into part of an important war-winning machine. For over six years his skill has been devoted to the needs of war; as conditions return to normal, the molten glass he swings and blows with such dexterity will make Phoenix clear glass oven-ware. The limited supplies of wartime will give place to the abundance of peace, and women everywhere will be able to cook and serve meals in the Phoenix clear-glass way.

Clear and stays clear

PHOENIX REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE

The delicious fruits of summer need not be a fleeting pleasure. When you are fortunate enough to get fruit, you'll want to eat most of it fresh. But why not treasure some for later on? Cherry pie, raspberry flan and gooseberry fool, for instance, are doubly welcome in winter. It's easy to bottle a pound or two of the different fruits as they come into season. One simple method is given below.

GENERAL HINTS

Fruits should be stripped from leaves and stalks and rinsed quickly in cold water. Over-ripe or unsound ones should of course be rejected. Gooseberries should be a fair size, but still green and hard. Strawberries lose colour in bottling, but this can be remedied to some extent by adding red cooking colouring to the water or syrup used. The black or acid red varieties of cherries bottle better than the white.

SYRUP OR WATER

If you have no sugar to spare, fruits can be bottled in plain water, or golden syrup can be used instead of sugar, but it will give the fruit a different flavour. 8 oz. of sugar or syrup (1 level tablespoon of syrup weighs 1 oz.) is the best strength, but as little as 2 oz. can be used. Dissolve the sugar or syrup in the water and bring to the boil.

JARS FOR BOTTLING

There are several kinds of preserving jars, and tops to use with jam jars, on the market. Make sure that rims of jam jars are a perfect circle, so that tops fit. Make sure, too, that you get the right sized rings. Test equipment before using. Fill the jars with cold water, put on rings, tops and bands or clips, wipe dry and stand head down for half an hour. If they leak, examine for defects. Try another rubber ring, or adjust the clip. Rinse and drain jars before use.

BOTTLING BY THE OVEN METHOD

1. Pack fruit in jars as firmly as possible without damaging it. Pack right to the top to allow for shrinkage. Put in a slow oven (about 240°F.) on cardboard or thicknesses of paper. To prevent scorching, place a baking tin or browning sheet over the group of bottles. Leave until fruit appears cooked and slightly shrunk. This takes ½ to 1 hour, and it is important to cook the fruit thoroughly. Meanwhile,

2. Sterilise tops and rings (not bands or clips) by putting them in cold water, bringing to the boil and boiling for 15 minutes. *The tops must be used while hot.*

3. Take out one jar at a time; place on a mat or folded paper. If fruit has shrunk much, fill to the top with fruit from an extra jar. Pour in boiling water or syrup to overflow brim. Seal immediately with sterilised rubber ring, and top, and put on band or clip. Screw-bands may need tightening as jar cools.

4. Test next day. Take off clip or band; lift jar by lid to see if it is perfectly sealed. If lid comes off, the fruit must be re-done or used within a few days.

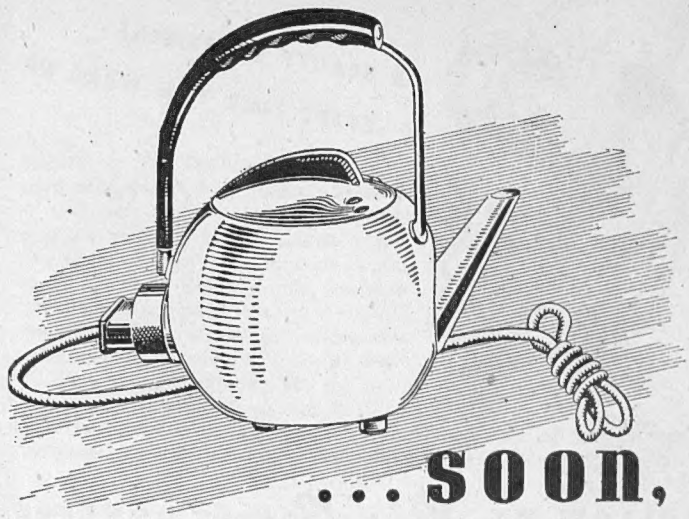
A word to Mothers

Don't forget that the under-fives need their orange juice and cod liver oil every day all the year round.

FREE LEAFLET ON BOTTLING

For other simple methods of fruit bottling, send a postcard now for leaflet, "BOTTLING FRUIT WITHOUT SUGAR," to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

(S.123) ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD



we hope, G.E.C. electric household appliances will once more be freely available. The range will include kettles, toasters, fires, irons, cleaners, and all the other necessities for economically running the modern home.

G.E.C.
QUALITY PRODUCTS
for the post-war home

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Gibbs
COLD CREAM SOAP
soothes Baby's skin

Now baby-creams are scarce, Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is more than ever necessary for Baby. This soap is not only specially mild, but it is so richly creamy that it helps to protect from chafing and soreness. See that your baby has the comfort of Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.

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GCC27L

Her confidence is in Goya

A double confidence is hers. Confidence in herself, and confidence in the genius of Goya—the man whose perfumes are superbly finished masterpieces.

GOYA

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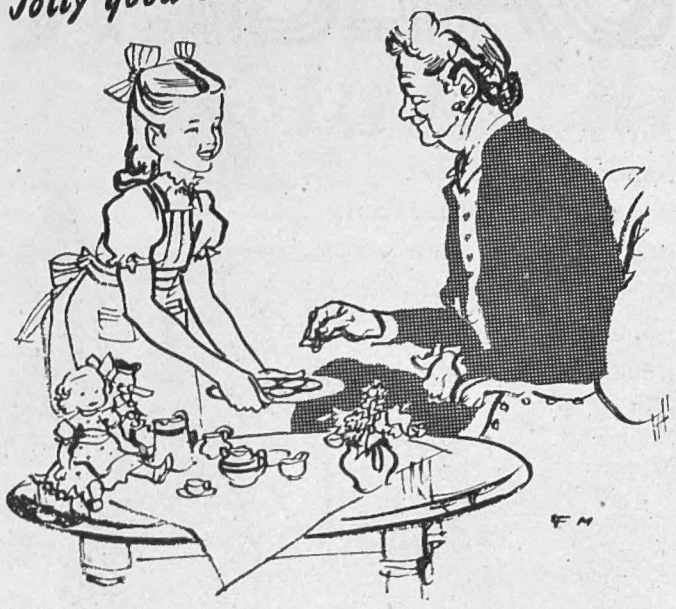
"Jolly good biscuits, Granny!"



Beryl loves to play the little hostess. Like Mother and Granny, she entertains her guests with Weston biscuits. Biscuits made in spotless factories, where the finest ingredients obtainable are blended to perfection. Biscuits as nourishing as they are nice—rich in energy-giving goodness. ***A favourite choice to-day is Weston Rich Digestive, 1/4d. a pound.***

Weston

ALL THAT'S BEST IN BISCUITS

NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE—

but she keeps her charm

THERE'S little time for make-up repairs in her working day. How does she keep her charm?

She has a bottle of Dorma Cleansing Milk in her desk—the secret of so many busy women.

Dorma Cleansing Milk removes tired make-up quickly and efficiently. Almost before you can say "yours faithfully" it has the pores clean and the skin feeling cool, and ready to take your fresh cream and powder. "Dorma" is also ideal for removing your make-up at night. Because of its tonic and astringent properties it keeps the skin supple and fresh. "Dorma" costs 7/- and saves time.

DORMA CLEANSING MILK
MADE BY

Elegant FRONT AND BACK

It's clever cut that prevents a "Gor-ray" Skirt 'seating,' that gives it that swing as you hurry on your way. The "Zwow" man-style pocket is another extremely attractive convenience.

GOR-RAY Skirts

All the better for the "Zwow" Pocket

Issued by C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa

GOR-RAY 1038

Praising what is absent

Makes remembrance dear

Schweppes

3 MINUTES A DAY KEEPS BUSY HANDS *Lovely*

Last thing every night work in Cutex Hand Cream. Regularly shape cuticle and cleanse under nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser. Finish with Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil. This simple Cutex beauty routine takes only three minutes a day. It keeps busy hands young and lovely.

CUTEX *Hand Beauty Preparations*

MADE BY THE CREATORS OF CUTEX NAIL POLISH

JAEGER

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There is a limited quantity only of this Dirndl skirt, but it is only one of the many distinctive garments in the Jaeger Collection.

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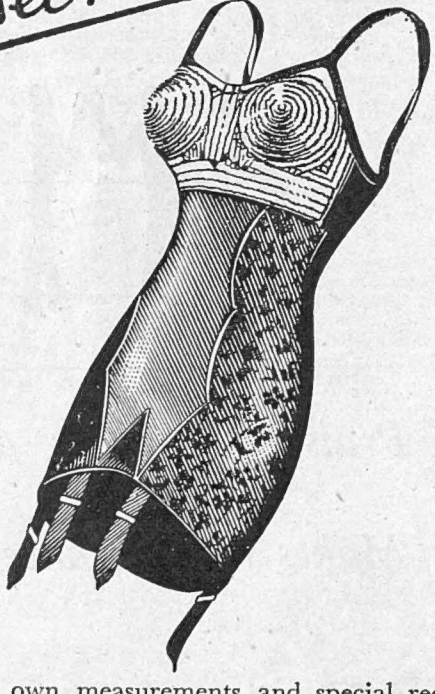

Made to your own measurements and special requirements—but for the present only against a doctor's certificate. The price is still the same as pre-war—only purchase tax added.

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177 Regent Street, London, W.1
Telephone: REGent 6571
and at Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.

Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think: "Ah—

Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS

Britannia and Eve
JULY 1945

In the absorption of keeping their quarry in view Mr. Craufuird cooled down, and soon another matter demanded his whole attention, for there was indeed someone in the boat. The man was alive, but unconscious

The Woman In White

A Drama of the Sea

By

C. Hedley Barker

THE long line of palms, of mangoes and Tapang-trees was upheld for a moment like a frieze against the glittering sky as the *Borneo Prince* moved lazily at her anchorage offshore. Mr. Bly, the Company's agent, his eyes protruding desperately under the influence of tropical heat, mopped at his neck with a soaked handkerchief, and stared for two or three moments out of the saloon porthole at the fronds like burnished swords, at the glaring buildings of Sandakan waterfront, and, finally, at the river steaming under the merciless sun.

"Well," he said, "there you are, that 's the position, Mr. Craufuird."

Mr. Craufuird, the Chief Mate, started almost guiltily and withdrew his gaze from the woman. She was a creature of splendid curves, of magnificent silken legs, of shy smiles and submissive silences in which she gave full play to her dark, languorous eyes. She carried a red parasol, a white bag piped with crimson. So far, apart from a soft negative or a subdued affirmative, she had contributed nothing to the conversation. Nevertheless, the play of expression on her features had been eloquent; as a piece of pleading it was perfect.

"I am a widow," it seemed to say, "I am helpless, dependent solely on your mercy; entirely in your hands."

The Woman in White. Mr. Craufuird vaguely remembered a tale by a long-dead author, all mystery, darkness, secret comings and goings, and all at once he was conscious of a faint feeling of excitement. Moreover, he was not himself; the utter improbability of Mrs. Maitland here in Sandakan had made him stupid and awkward. Her presence in the saloon of the *Borneo Prince* had given a dream-like quality to the proceedings which confused his mind and clogged the words on his tongue. However, he did know where he stood. He was all for Mrs. Maitland.

The position which Bly had just outlined was this. Mrs. Maitland was the recently-bereaved widow of a man who had been shiftless and improvident. He had left her exactly twenty pounds in cash. She had suffered exile in Sandakan for fifteen years, and was desperately anxious to get home. Obviously, she couldn't pay her passage on a liner. Her only hope was the *Borneo Prince*—or some similar vessel whose captain might be humanely disposed.

"So perhaps," went on Bly, "you 'll do your best with the Captain. Nuisance. I 'd expected to find him on board. And I can't wait any longer—I 've got an appointment."

He arose, shook hands with Mrs. Maitland. Her smile surprised the Chief Mate, and it decided him then and there on a course of action. After seeing Bly to the accommodation ladder he returned to the saloon. Her eyes asked an anxious question: she knew the *Borneo Prince* had no accommodation for passengers. After he had lit a cigarette for her, he said:

"Did Bly tell you anything about the Captain, Mrs. Maitland?"

"He told me that he was rather strict, that there was just a chance."

"But you brought your baggage?"

"That was just in case. I didn't want to delay the ship." She paused. "Mr. Craufuird — I 'm terribly anxious to get home. This place——"

"I know," he nodded. "A god-forsaken dump. Just a chance, Bly told you? Well, I 'm not disposed to risk it. I—I want to get you out of this."

Her voice was low, almost a whisper; her smile seemed to admit him to a new intimacy. "I knew," she said, "you were my friend."

The Chief Mate flushed with pleasure. In his twenty-five sea-going years he hadn't known many women; certainly he had never known one remotely approaching Mrs. Maitland. She had style, she had an air.

"Good," said Mr. Craufuird. "Now listen. Fortunately, we have a spare cabin, the third engineer's—he went sick at Colombo. I 'm going to fix you up down there, steal a march on the old man—a *fait accompli*, as the French call it, see?"

"Won't you get into trouble?"

"I 've been in trouble with Captain Pretty ever since he took command. I 'm used to it, and I 've got broad shoulders. And once you 're established in that cabin, I don't think he 'll go to the length of putting you ashore. Now, Mrs. Maitland, if you 'll just step this way——"

Up the stairs out of the saloon, through the vestibule, down the alley-way. High

heels tap-tapping, the men gaping, Mr. Craufuird absorbed with the sense of a new interest in life, a feeling that he stood on the brink of wonders. He set down her bags, threw open the cabin-door.

"Of course," he said, "it 's not what I 'd like for you. A bakehouse, that 's all it is, right over the engine-room."

"Please," said Mrs. Maitland, "don't worry about me." She took off her hat. Black, gleaming hair drawn straight back and knotted into luxuriant coils at her nape. In a flash Mr. Craufuird remembered Seville, the mantillas, the high combs, the supple hips.

"I shall," she insisted, "be more than comfortable. It 's ever so good of you."

Mr. Craufuird thought for a moment. Then: "Look here," he said, "about money. I 'll settle up with the Captain. You 've got little enough, God knows."

She protested. "No, no! I couldn't allow——"

"Forget it," advised Mr. Craufuird. "I 'm a bachelor, Mrs. Maitland, no dependants."

He closed the door on her. His natural expression was grim, and now, seeing Captain Pretty turn into the vestibule ahead of him, it became grimmer. He knew he had done wrong. He was prepared to fight to sustain the wrong. Opening the vestibule door he crossed to the cabin marked *Captain*, and knocked.

CAPTAIN PRETTY was younger than the Chief Mate by fifteen years, and that was a fact which Mr. Craufuird had never been able to forget, possessing, as he did, an extra master's ticket that was ten years old. And now, in the situation which had arisen, he resented the Captain with more bitterness than ever.

"Oh," said Captain Pretty, "I just met Mr. Bly. Something about a woman, a widow, who—has she gone?"

"No," said the Chief Mate, "she hasn't gone."

"Why not? It 's of no use her waiting to see me. I won't hear of it. You know very well, Mr. Craufuird, that we don't carry passengers. You 'd better get her out of the ship, at once. We sail in ten minutes."

"She can't go out of the ship now," replied the Chief Mate. "In your absence I took responsibility. I fixed her up in the third engineer's cabin."

"What!" The two men glared at each other. The Captain's voice had risen to a shout. In a lower, but no less furious tone, he said: "By God, Mister, you 've got a nerve! Who are you to take responsibility?"

"It was the humane thing," muttered Mr. Craufuird, with smouldering eyes. "I naturally thought——"

The Captain clenched his fist. "You thought nothing of the kind. You know the rules of this Company as well as I do. And since you 've taken responsibility, you shall answer for it. You 'll be logged. I shall give you a bad report."

"Go ahead," growled the Chief Mate. "It won't be the first one."

"You 're right. It won't. I 've heard all about you. A fool to yourself and a nuisance to everybody else. As for this Mrs. Maitland, since she 's here, she 'd better stay. But, understand this: I shall put the whole thing into black and white, and leave the owners to deal with you as they think fit. And, since you 're itching for responsibility, you can go and get steam on the capstan."

Mr. Craufuird turned pale. "That 's an insult, Captain Pretty. And let me tell you this. I was doing a responsible job before you were born. Your head 's too big for a Captain's cap. You 're just a jumped-up whipper-snapper. Put that in your report, and be damned to you."

BY nightfall the *Borneo Prince* was well clear of Sandakan. Under the polished glitter of the eastern stars the massive swell lifted her bows and canted her stern. Now and again her propeller, half-clear of the water, raced and thundered as it churned up hissing suds. Mrs. Maitland, half-seen in the dimness of night, leaned back in her deck-chair abaft the locker on the bridge-deck and listened to her friend.

"A fellow-feeling," said Mr. Craufuird, "that 's what it is. I can sympathise with you; I 'm well acquainted with tough luck myself. I 'm the man who ought to be commanding this ship. But there you are. I wasn't blessed with foresight, like Captain Pretty. The managing director of this line is a Bible-thumping evangelist, a teetotaller. God knows what. And Pretty knew how to play his cards. Can you understand my feelings?"

"It 's a shame," breathed Mrs. Maitland.

"They jumped him up over the heads of a dozen good men, all his seniors. He 's one of the youngest skippers in the service." Mr. Craufuird gave a short laugh. "Suck up to the boss, and

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

everything shall be added unto you. It is so, isn't it?"

She agreed. She hadn't formed a very favourable opinion of Captain Pretty. At dinner that night he had been coldly correct. She said: "It 's *so* unjust. It must be very galling for you."

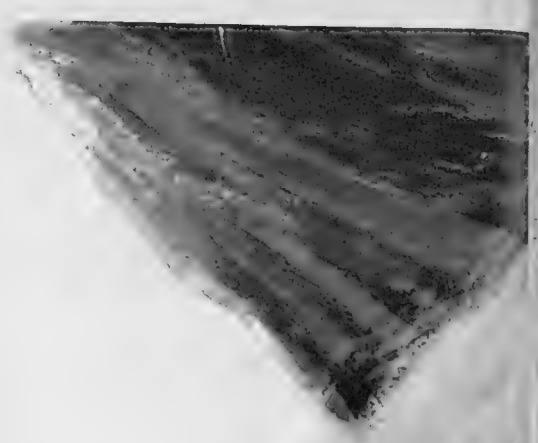
"It 's a bitter taste in my mouth," said the Chief Mate. "Sometimes I feel murderous, as if I could just cut loose and——"

Suddenly, he was electrified at the touch of her hand on his knee. "Don't do that. You mustn't ever do that. It would mean——"

"The sack, that 's what it would mean. I 'd be a deck-hand again." In the darkness Mr. Craufuird reached out and enclosed her hand in his. Not for twenty years had he been emotionally moved in just this way. The spicy airs of the eastern night were quick with magic, alive with sweet renewal, and the conviction was all at once born in him that this alone was his answer to the unexpressed longings of a lifetime.

"Mrs. Maitland," he said, "you don't know what you 've done for me. I feel as if—as if I 've been made whole."

From then on things moved at a great pace. Nothing, it seems, is so conducive to a love-affair as the circumstances of a sea-voyage. The ship's company began to talk, not without sniggers. One or two of the men, moving aft in the tropical darkness to strike the bell, had observed the low murmur of voices, a hasty drawing apart of two figures, and in the fo'c'sle there was much chuckling



ribaldry about old Craufuird's long-haired chum.

Not that he was old, as age goes. He was forty-three. As for Mrs. Maitland, she was one of those women with whom Time deals happily. Unquestionably, she was mature. But her supple movements, the vital elegance of her youthful figure, and her transforming smile looked no more than thirty-five.

But the submissive silences, the half-shy play of the dark eyes, the responsive quality of the low voice—these were directed by a shrewd mind. Having learned from her one cardinal mistake, she was not likely to make another. She had suffered enough from frustration and poverty. Gently but firmly, more by implication than direct statement, she had clarified the position for Mr. Craufuird beyond all doubt.

It was this. She was not prepared to marry into anything but luxury. Any transaction of that kind must rest upon a sound cash basis.

"All my life," she murmured, "I 've been starved of the things I 've most wanted. Another experience of that kind—no, not for me."

"So that 's that," said Mr. Craufuird, heavily. The tone of his voice was bitter, and it surprised her; it had never occurred to her that he was bent on anything more serious than a shipboard interlude. He went on:

"I 'd thought about asking you if—still, we won't go into that. I 'd no right to expect it. I 've been unlucky all my life, and I dare say I 'll go on being unlucky when I 'm shot of it."

"I 'm so sorry." The touch of her hand on his wrist was almost unbearable; the thought that he would never see her again when she stepped ashore at the end of the voyage plunged him in the blackest depression.

"I 've got no complaint," he said further, "about your attitude. I can quite see your point of view. You want a bit of fun out of life. And you deserve it; you were made for it."

Mr. Craufuird went to his cabin in a black mood. A capable drinker (and this was the fact which had denied him promotion), he was wont during fits of depression to fly to the bottle, and he swallowed a half-tumbler of whisky at a gulp. He would get drunk; give that swine Pretty something else to put in his report. Second thoughts, however, induced a more reasonable intention. He had the middle watch, it wanted only ten minutes to midnight, and even Mr. Craufuird had never been drunk on the bridge.

Climbing the bridge-ladder he favoured young Machen, whom he was relieving, with a glance sour and contemptuous.

Captain Pretty was lifted off his feet by one crushing blow. In the next moment the Chief Mate hoisted him high and threw him over the side

The third officer was another of Pretty's breed, a sycophant who buttered up the Captain, a prig who was more likely to be found in a Wesleyan chapel than a pub. So ran Mr. Craufuird's thoughts as he bent upon his subordinate a sardonic stare.

"The glass is falling, Mr. Craufuird," said young Machen.

"You think I'm likely to overlook it?" sneered the Chief. "What's the course?"

"West by south."

The bridge was electric with the Chief Mate's hostility, and Machen made haste to leave it without another word. Mr. Craufuird, alone with the helmsman, carried his misery over to the starboard side, where he observed gloomily the recurring smother of foam as the *Borneo Prince* sank her forefoot into the China Sea.

Ruined hopes, the mess of a ruined career behind him, a future black as the inside of Jonah's whale—such was the turn taken by his reflections as the ship, given no rest by an ocean eternally

restless, vented sigh after sigh with her rise and fall.

Suddenly, as the instinct of the seaman came uppermost, he was alert, pricking up his head. Away to starboard something was upheld for a moment on the crest of a wave in the moonlight. As it dived down into the trough he reached the box under the bridge-window in two strides, let the lid fall with a slam as he grabbed the night-glasses. A small boat. Mr. Craufuird laid hold of the engine-room telegraph, and rang down *Stop*. Cupping his hands, he yelled for the bo'sun.

" Get four hands up here. I 'm going to send the dinghy away."

" Is that you, Mr. Craufuird ? " Captain Pretty, in pyjamas, had come out of the chart-room, where he had been sleeping. " What are we stopped for ? "

" A boat," said the other, curtly, " away to starboard. I think maybe there 's someone in her."

" It 's usual to call the Captain before the ship 's stopped, isn't it ? "

" I might have lost sight of the boat. There was no time."

Deliberately, the Chief Mate turned on his heel and strode over to the davits where the men were preparing to lower a boat. The Captain followed him.

" Hey, Mister ! "

Mr. Craufuird spun round like a tiger. So menacing was his mien that the men paused to stare.

" Leave me alone, will you ? " he growled. " Damn you, leave me alone ! "

" I think," said the Captain, quietly, " you 'd better go away with the dinghy. It will give you time to collect yourself."

The boat was lowered. With the Chief Mate in the stern sheets the men pulled away. In the absorption of keeping their quarry in view, Mr. Craufuird cooled down, and soon another matter demanded his whole attention, for there was indeed someone in the boat.

The man was alive, but unconscious : so much was quickly established. Mr. Craufuird lifted him into the dinghy, together with a smallish pigskin bag, and bade the men put a jerk in it. Once or twice on the way he shook the man and called on him loudly to wake up. The man gave no sign ; his weak pulse, beating faintly and at long intervals between the Chief Mate's finger and thumb, gave notice of his intention to die at every next moment. The men, imbued with a sense of urgency in their officer's voice, redoubled their efforts.

Within hailing distance of the ship, Mr. Craufuird let out a yell for brandy to be got ready. With the ship under way again they propped up what was no better than a skeleton and poured some of the liquid down his throat. Presently, the face began to look less like clay, but nothing they could contrive in the way of slapping, shaking or shouting evoked an answer. The Captain said : " Anything on him that 'll tell who he is ? "

A wallet, crammed with notes, no cards, no letters. A gold fountain-pen, a gold hunter watch and chain, a gold cigarette-case. Gold, gold, gold— Mr. Craufuird thought of Sara Maitland and knew a pang of envy.

" Nothing," he muttered. " He might as well be Adam."

" Wonder if this case is locked," said Captain Pretty.

It wasn't. The lid flew open with a snap, and the contents woke to life, took fire from the electric-bulb in the roof of the chart-room, burned and shimmered with flames of green, of amethyst, of yellow, red, ice-blue and crystal-white. Necklets, bangles, rings, collars, brooches, tiaras. The two men gaped.

" Good God ! " muttered Captain Pretty. " There must be a fortune here. Thousands and thousands." He closed the lid, put the case in a drawer of the chart-table, locked it, gazed rather helplessly at the man on the bunk. " Well, we must hope for the best. Can't do any more."

He switched out the light. " I shall be sleeping in my cabin. You might have a look at him now and again. Call me if he wakes." The Captain paused, then added significantly : " Or at need, Mister."

ALONE on the bridge once more, Mr. Craufuird stuck his chin over the window-frame. The scene in the chart-room was to remain with him for many a day, and it (*Continued on page* 54)

The opportunist, ever-present in Sara Maitland, lived in her slow smile, in her welcoming arms. She laughed softly. " You 're rough," she playfully accused. " You 're a great bear. And what have you got for me ? "

All Work And No Play?

The War has Brought Us to a Cross-roads Where it is Now Necessary That We Should Adopt a New Attitude Towards Everyday Life

By Negley Farson

THE British pay too much attention to politics and the Americans attach too much importance to their amazing technical inventions in judging the success of their lives. Too little accent is placed on just living. Personally, I will refuse to be enthused over any great labour-saving device until I learn that the time saved and the extra money earned has been directly transmuted to the workers—so that I can see for myself that they have more leisure, and more money, to enjoy some of the benefits of this thing we are so fond of calling Progress. I haven't seen that happen yet. I have never seen one example (and I have reported upon and written about industrial relations for close to thirty years) where I can say honestly I have seen an industrial invention shorten the hours of work in any factory. They have only meant increased production, more money for the factory owners—and more workmen thrown out of work, and forced to look elsewhere for new jobs

Similarly, I do not feel enthused today when someone tells me that air travel will soon be so miraculous that I may breakfast in New York, lunch in London, and dine in Moscow. What earthly good is that going to do me? Me, I'm always going to take the old-fashioned steamship when I cross the Atlantic, and a slow one at that. When and if I go to the West Indies (which I hope to do, one day, after this war is over) I will refuse to be dumped out of some Atlantic Clipper at Trinidad. No, I am going to have my bags put aboard a comfortable and companionable steamer. I'm going to loll in a deckchair as we reach the blue water below the Azores, and the gliding gulls glisten white as snow as they hover and scream over our passing wake. I want to feel the Trade Winds again. And wake up some morning, say fourteen days out from foggy Liverpool, to see the pink traders' sheds of Bridgetown in Barbados, nestling among their palms—stand on deck in my pyjamas, enjoying every moment of my life, as we make our first port of call in the tropics, and I watch the flying fishes play . . .

Decoration by Jack Matthew

What price, compared to that, are the inestimable joys of sitting up in some pressure-conditioned fuselage in the stratosphere, while the world whizzes around so far below you that you cannot even see it. Even with the old-fashioned plane, a Frenchman, a German, or an Englishman, and their countries (except for some peculiarities of farming methods) looked just the same from 10,000 feet. Unquestionably the dullest long trip I have ever made was a seven-day flight to India. At one time I knew that we must be over the Balkans; then, with a bit of bored calculation I knew that we were flying over the basalt country that lies on the direct line from Gaza to Fort Rutba, in Irak—and that there, miles below me, were the remains of the farthest outpost of the Roman Legion which had once occupied Britain—if I could only see it!

Well, I hope that that explains my attitude. I look forward with horror to a world where every lovely river has been curbed, thwarted, harnessed to provide (*Continued on page* 61)

THE war in Europe over, people danced in the streets of London, Paris, Moscow, New York. Even in Berlin, they celebrated. A journalistic colleague of mine who had jeeped on west from Wittenberg, and was prowling around the wrecked Wilhelmstrasse, found a Red Army soldier perched on a heap of debris, tommy-gun slung over his back, playing an accordion and singing folk songs, amid the cacophony of falling buildings and gunfire from the next street where his comrades were winkling out last-ditch Nazis.

A sentimental visitor from Mars might say: "Ah, after six years of fearful night, the people plucked up courage to enjoy themselves (or make whoopee, as they quaintly say) in the bright dawn of a new and for-ever-more safe world."

The reality would certainly not be quite like that.

For instance, dispassionate historians will note that mankind's biggest and most destructive war was paced by mankind's biggest and most constructive pleasure boom. Not for an instant did pleasure stop because death was all around, on the seas, in the sky, on ground, and far from the battlefields where armed and armoured men fought a kill-or-be-killed fight.

Equally dispassionate economists may drily comment that the spontaneous VE Day celebrations were remarkable mainly because for once the crowd did not have to pay for pleasure at the turnstile, or get it out of an ingenious machine or a can of synthetic emotions sprayed on a screen in terms of light and sound—maybe colour, too.

Pleasure!

The word was once synonymous with sin. Even now it evokes images of fauns chasing nymphs through sun-dappled forest glades, and Babylonian emperors supping off peacocks' tongues on the terraces of hanging gardens; of Egyptian queens quenching a hot thirst with draughts of pearls dissolved in wine, and Roman magnates swallowing one banquet and tickling their throats with a feather to vomit in order to enjoy another faster than Nature normally permits; of rich playboys quaffing champagne from a stage star's slipper (a practice made rather difficult since the girls began to wear open-toed shoes), and millionaires cruising the more salubrious seas in large sea-going yachts ballasted with caviare, ortolans, Havana cigars, Napoleon brandy, and an houri or six.

But that is because images are apt to linger, like a hangover. The old pleasure days have gone, and we are living in the midst of a revolution in the means, arts and technique of enjoyment.

The highlight fact is that between the two world wars pleasure moved up in size and status from a half-world trade to a large and respectable industry commanding the respect of bankers and the earnest attention of statesmen concerned with the economic well-being of their country. And the highlight figures explain this phenomenon.

In twenty-five years pleasure, as an economic activity, has expanded twentyfold in terms of jobs, and thirtyfold in terms of money, meaning wages, profits, and tax-take. It has widened in all its aspects until it has merged with the everyday life of the people, and become less of a luxury than an important item on the list of the necessities of a healthy individual and community life.

The glamorous Ginger Rogers as she appears in her latest film, "I'll Be Seeing You"

World War I shook down some of the old barriers which limited pleasure to terms of wine, women and song, or whisky, pipes and poker. World War II has blasted away a whole series of material and psychological barriers, expanded frontiers, lifted horizons, and, incidentally, increased career and job possibilities.

For instance, as I write a White Paper proposes to make the people free of 8,000 square miles of the country's 58,000 square miles—two dozen play parks. Kings in the old days were limited to

Decoration by J. Nicolson

Going back TO THE OLD LIFE ---?

Pleasure Will Widen in all its Aspects until it Merges with the Everyday Life of the People

By C. Patrick Thompson

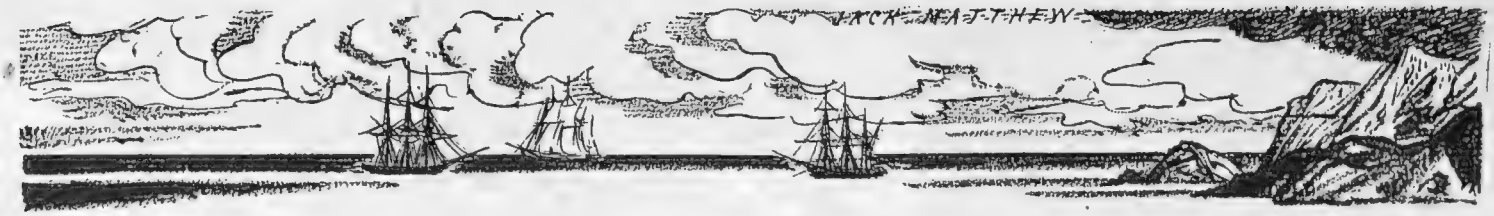
smaller forest-stream-woodland-and-mountain playgrounds, if only because of the limitations of a horse's legs. The holiday-camp interests may look sideways at this proposition, but that is only another angle of the contemporary pleasure story. The biggest holiday-camp show paid a dividend of 20 per cent in 1937-38. It hasn't paid one since, but in anticipation of what is to come its 5s. shares already stand at 20s. in the stock market: which sheds light on a whole new vista of pleasure life opening out.

Again, there is, or was, the hard-dying notion that work and play don't mix. This has been interpreted into terms of a long grind, with an occasional—and often fatiguing, instead of refreshing—let-up, through entry into one or other of the pleasure zones. People over-play or over-drink once a week. Or they save up and have a short, brief fling, which does them no good, and not infrequently leaves them feeling flat. Or they rush off to the seaside and take in too much hot sun in a concentrated dose. And so on.

When the sirens wailed on the morning of September 3 there was a widespread idea that pleasure should be suppressed for the duration, just as there were other minds which thought that bully beef and biscuit would do for World War II soldiers, as it had done for World War I soldiers. Luckily, lively minds had been playing on this problem for some time; and the big mistake was not made.

The result was spectacular. The smart sets could not play around lavishly, as in pre-war days (remember that last pre-war Paris and London season, with circus balls and Georgian costume parties, Schiaparelli's bustle dresses with ostrich hats, fireworks, wrestlers, and fabulous buffets?) once petrol was cut off; champagne soared from 15s. to £5 a bottle, and gin and whisky grew so scarce that a potential host or hostess could only get enough in the legitimate market for his or her own private palate. Only potentates like Joe Stalin could stage in their palaces ostentatious non-curfew banquets, with groaning boards and no limits on the drinks; and use batteries of guns to outdo the fireworks of the

(*Contd. on p.* 68)



Coastwise

A Retrospect and a Prospect

By C. Fox Smith

THERE is a certain little port I know, or used to know in the years before the war, in what during these latter days we have come to think of as "south-west England."

I recall it as a pleasant place in which to spend a do-nothing holiday; a drowsy, quiet, decaying lesser outport, typical of scores of its kind up and down the length of Britain's coastline, that do little for nine months out of the year but dream the long days through of a busy and thriving past. At holiday seasons, it is true, Oldport (the name will serve as well as another) used to wake up to a period of brief and feverish activity. Bathing costumes, then, flapped from the windows of "Sea View" and "Marine Villa" and "Bella Vista." A fifth-rate pierrot troupe, unable, no doubt, to hold its own amid the brighter galaxies of talent such as are demanded by the bigger watering-places, perspired and pirouetted in darned tights on the shabby bandstand, relic of a forgotten dream of attracting visitors to Oldport on the part of some aspiring local council. Family parties basked and paddled and ate their picnic lunches among the tumbled stones of the breakwater cast down some years ago by a Channel gale and never rebuilt.

But for the rest of the year it was dead. The little lighthouse winked hopefully out and in, out and in, all the long nights through, to guide to the sheltered haven and the old stone pier the shipping that never came. A few old men of a seafaring cut held a parliament on fine afternoons on the rusted iron seats on the front, bought secondhand by that same ambitious council from a wealthy neighbour that had replaced them with new ones, and smoked their pipes and swopped yarns of adventures in blue water.

When the weather was wet, or darkness had fallen, they would repair to the "Pilot Boat." The sign remained, but there was no pilot. The last one had, one surmised, waited patiently for a ship till finally, in sheer despair, he had turned himself into a seagull and spread his wings elsewhither.

Once in a blue moon some retired mariner, scanning the horizon through his telescope from the lookout before his trim flagstaff, would spy a craft making for the port, and, crying out like Robinson Crusoe "A sail! A sail!", would hasten down to witness the arrival. Then would great excitement possess Oldport, and the inhabitants, old and young, would gather on the pier to witness the berthing of a cabin cruiser (manned by the owner and his wife in trousers) that had put in for supplies at the local grocer's. More rarely, there would be a greater excitement still—the arrival of a sailing barge or a grubby little coasting steamer with a cargo of bricks or lime or coal for the gas works.

That was all.

IT wasn't always like that. Time was, of course, when Oldport sent against the Armada more ships even than its great neighbour, Wellmouth. Time was, too, when, so the tale goes, a king's son landed on the grey old pier on his way to victory or Tower Hill.

That, of course, is matter of history; but even those now living can remember when times were very different. They will point out to you slipways now obliterated by grass and weed, whence went forth many a sturdy brig or barquentine or topsail schooner, to carry the name of Oldport to every part of the British coasts, and even to far corners of the seven seas. Not a week went by (they will tell you) without some cargo being unloaded at that grey stone pier—coal, flour, brewing malt, salt, bricks, slates, and what not. Outside the empty sheds on which the gulls sit in mewing rows, glance at the weathered board on which you can

(*Continued on page* 64)

Decoration by Jack Matthew

"IT'S like this," began the sailor. "Have you ever stopped to think how much paint it takes to cover the sides of one of them ships?"

Painted Ship

They Also Serve Who Only Stand And Paint

By Day Russell

THE sailor was leaning against the bar of one of the older English inns. His glass was empty and his expression was gloomy, and the kind-hearted gent in the bowler hat took the unspoken hint.

He edged up to the sailor. "Have one on me."

"Thanks," said the sailor, brightening up. "I don't mind if I do."

There was a spell of silence until two glasses of half and half, mild and bitter, had been sampled. Then the sailor gazed round at the panelling and ceiling in old oak which gleamed with the polish of several centuries.

"It's lovely," he said. "Lovely! Not a lick of paint in the place." Then he turned soberly to the kind-hearted gent.

"Do you ever stop to think what a sailor hates with everything he's got to hate with?"

"Submarines?" ventured the bowler hat.

"Wrong."

"Mines?"

"Wrong."

"Germans?"

"Wrong again. Three tries and you're out. It's paint."

"No!" said the gent in the categorical negative.

"Yes," said the sailor. "They also serve who only stand and paint."

"Who only stand and wait," corrected the kind-hearted one.

"Have it your own way," said the sailor. "It's true just the same." The kind-hearted gent who was also an understanding

one knew another platitude, that truth will out, so he waited for the sailor to begin.

"It's like this," began the sailor. "The old tub, she's one of these passenger ships in peace time and they converts her to a troopship. Have you ever stopped to think how much paint it takes to cover the sides of one of them ships? No, you 'aven't. Well, there's a war on and it seems some blokes 'ave to fight their way through it and it seems Nobby and me has to paint our way through it. We've done nothink but hang like flies on the side of a skyscraper, sitting on a bit of a plank with a bucket of paint and brush staring at them great walls of old iron; iron to the right of you, iron to the left of you, iron all round you, till if you're a soft-skinned bloke like Nobby, it gets into your soul, if you understand me. Well, we gets aboard 'er, Nobby and me, and the first thing that 'appens is the Chief Buffer comes along and it's all 'ands paint ship. Well, that seems to take fifty years and then there comes an order which says there's to be a new kind of camouflage and so it's paint ship again, and by the time we gets that done we don't know whether it's us or the ship that's cross-eyed, or whether we're coming or going. Anyway, it's going we was—to Egypt—and Nobby, 'e says, if we 'ave to paint ship again 'e's going to try and work 'is ticket and become a civilian. 'E could make a joke in them days as good as the next man. So we goes to Africa with the troops packed like sardines and, what with them and the sun and the weather, it don't 'alf make a mess of the paintwork inside and out. So when we gets to Alex. it's paint ship again, sitting once again on them planks with the sun on your back and the iron as 'ot as the old woman's oven with you on top of it.

"Well, this time Nobby is a bit quieter and 'e says 'e's going to invent a paint what they mix with alcohol instead of turps, so that next time we paint ship 'e can get stinko at the expense of 'is Majesty, meaning no disrespect. So after we've been painting that ship for what seems a hundred years we get orders to proceed to Malta. When we are two days out, with no land in sight, a most unusual thing 'appens. A gale springs up—not 'alf a gale, not a whole gale, but half a dozen of them all in one and we run into what looks like a real London pea-souper, fog to you. And then the sand comes down. Where it comes from 'eaven only knows, but down it comes. It gets in everywhere, in the guns, in the galleys, in our tea, in our teeth, in everythink. When the gale clears up, Nobby and me, we look at the paintwork on the weather side on deck, and then we look over the side of the old tub and what do we see? She is as naked as a—well, that's the way it was—and if it had rained paint remover it couldn't 'ave done a cleaner job. Nobby, 'e looks at me and 'e says it's a judgment for all that bad language we've been in the 'abit of using. So 'e gives up swearing.

"Well, anyway, from Malta they sends us right away to be converted into one of them what they calls a Landing Ship Infantry, which means we carries a whole flotilla of them landing barges, men and all. While this is going on it's over the sides for us, painting ship. By the time they've converted the ship we've about half done our job and it seems like two hundred years before we've finished. Just about this time Nobby talks a lot about a monastery he once seen where the monks didn't do nothink but pray all day and the 'ole place was made of stone, not a lick of paint anywhere.

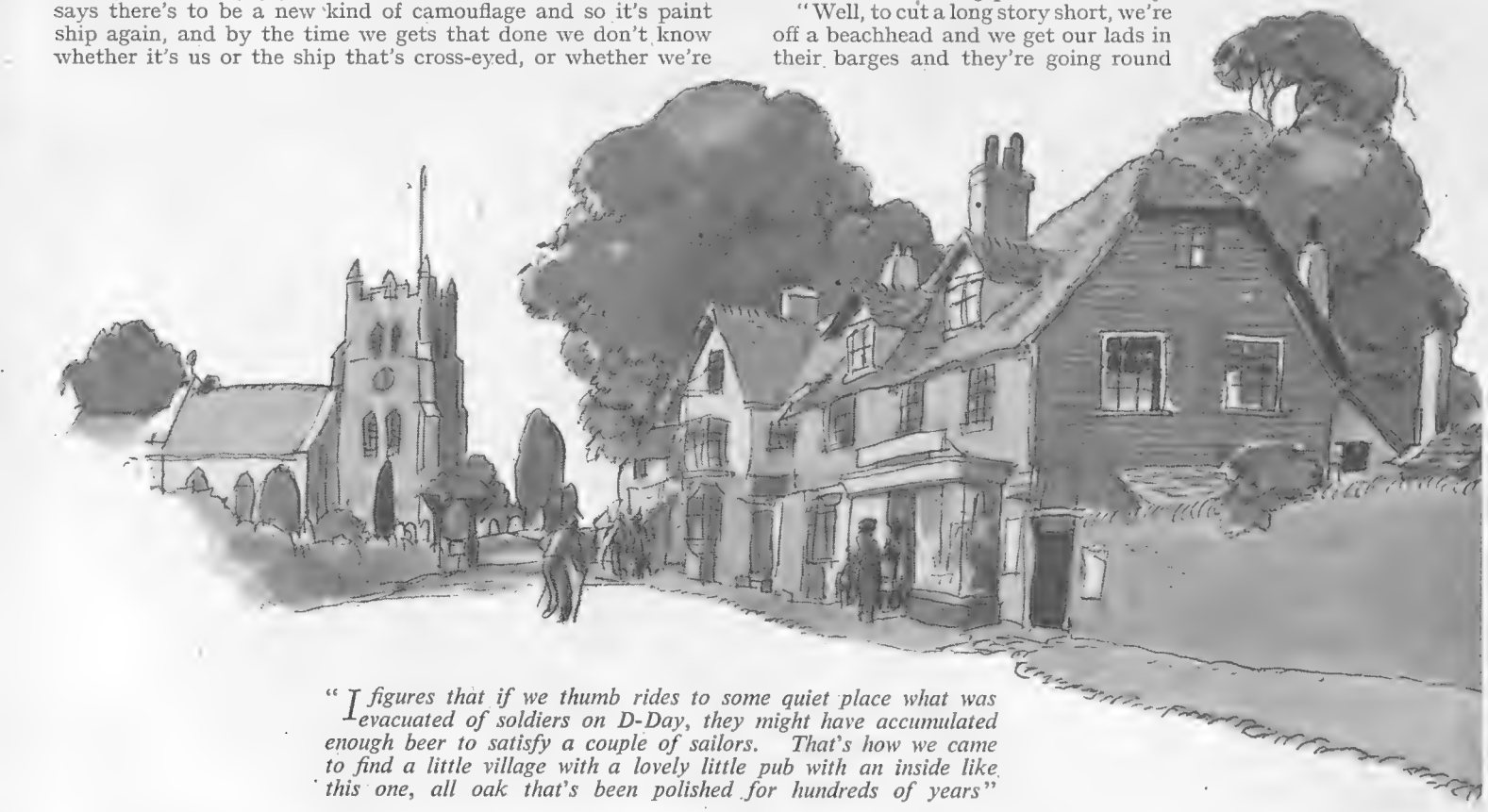
"But then we gets busy and we loads up with these 'ere Commandos and while we're doing that there comes along some admiral who doesn't like the look of our camouflage and 'e wants a few touches here and there to make us look like we was three ships and not one, so Nobby and me 'as to go over the side again for a couple of weeks. It is a rush job so we 'as our stew lowered over the side when it's time to eat, and that's when I begins to get worried about Nobby. I see 'im put his paint brush in his can of soup and dip his spoon in the paint. I stops 'im in time seeing that it appears he has enough on his mind without 'aving paint in 'is belly.

"Well, to cut a long story short, we're off a beachhead and we get our lads in their barges and they're going round and round in circles waiting for their time to go ashore. It's dark as pitch when the Jerry planes come in with flares, and the first thing that goes up is a tanker off our starboard bow. It ain't 'alf a sight; the sea all round is burning oil and, there, on the bow ready to fry or boil, whichever they choose, depending whether they stay aboard or jump, is about a dozen of the crew.

"Well, the old man, he's crazy. He steams alongside through the flames across the bow of the tanker and throws out our nets what the commandos used to go overside and before you know it 'e's got them men clinging on the nets being pulled up as fast as we can get 'em from them flames. Then we steams through the burning sea which, our sides being high, can't do us much hurt. Nobby and me 'as been pulling them nets up with the others when Nobby turns to me and points overside. I looks down and in the light from the flames there's our new paintwork all blistered like the old tub 'ad boils, all the boils there ever was in the world.

"Well, when that 'do' is over we're back at Gib. painting ship again, only this time we 'as to chip the old paint off first and it seems like it all takes four hundred years during which time Nobby 'as a 'ell of a fight with one of the blokes in our mess who has a beard that reminds him of a paint brush as big as a perishin' broom. Poor Nobby takes an 'ell of a licking because he's so mad he 'its wild, and that's no way to fight a bloke twice your size. There is only one consolation; Nobby has a shiner, black eye to you, which closes one eye up so tight 'e can only see one half of the side of the ship, 'is nose being swollen up so big 'e can't see past it with his good eye to the rest. That is something when you consider that if you're painting one of them ships you're no bigger than a fly crawling 'alf way up the white cliffs of Dover.

"So that's the way it goes and we don't have to paint the tub much more, except the next time when an ammunition



"I figures that if we thumb rides to some quiet place what was evacuated of soldiers on D-Day, they might have accumulated enough beer to satisfy a couple of sailors. That's how we came to find a little village with an inside like this one, all oak that's been polished for hundreds of years"

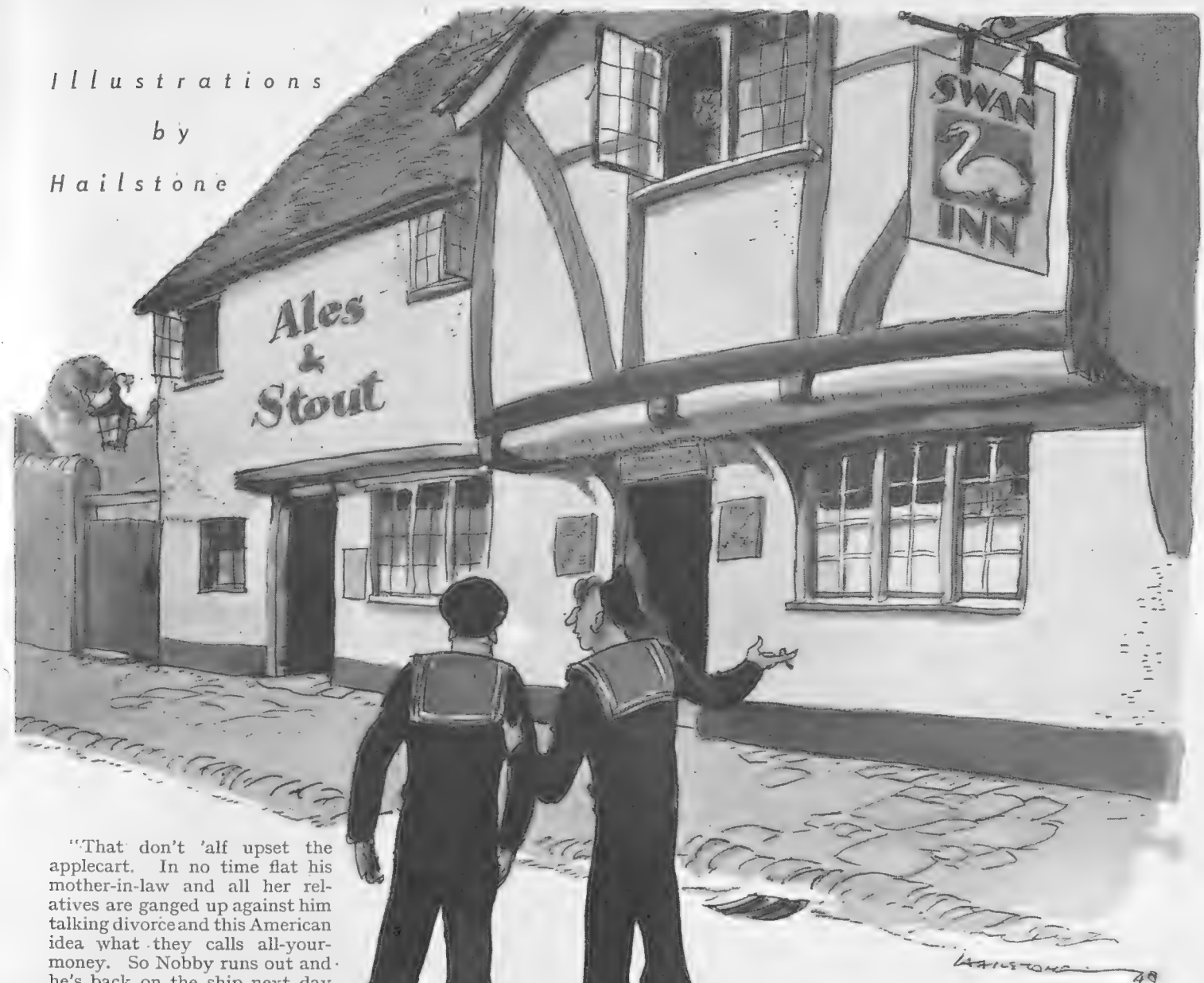
barge blows up alongside us and blows the paint right off. That was off Normandy and when we finished painting ship again we all gets leave and Nobby goes off to see 'is wife what he hadn't seen for years. It seems she's a nice enough woman in her way, but she don't understand Nobby. She's got no tact, if you know what I mean. She asks him 'ow the war's going and he says he's seen nothing of it, 'e's one of these war artists, 'e's only been painting it. And his wife says that's lovely because she'll buy a can of paint and 'e can paint the kitchen while he's on leave. Then she kisses him and what has she got on her lips but red paint, lipstick to you. Nobby sees red, and I don't mean the lipstick what 'is wife has left on his lips. He takes her across his knee and he does what he's seen Cary Grant do in one of them movie pictures, 'e spanks her.

"Well, he's saying that for the tenth time when a bloke what is standing at the bar looks at Nobby and he says: 'No paint in the place? You're wrong my lad. Here's a gallon of it.'

"With that he lifts it up on the bar from the floor, and, so doing, he undoes all my good work. It's the last straw for Nobby. He gives a queer kind of sigh and then he takes that can of paint, grabs the top off, and dumps the whole gallon over that bloke's head and all down his clothes. Well, it turns out this bloke is the village policeman in civvies with the paint for repainting all these signposts they're putting back. They says afterwards that it is the only time in recorded history that their village policeman has been painted white, which I quite believe.

"To make a long story short, 'e arrests us and locks us up while he takes a bath in paint remover or something, and

Illustrations by Hailstone



"That don't 'alf upset the applecart. In no time flat his mother-in-law and all her relatives are ganged up against him talking divorce and this American idea what they calls all-your-money. So Nobby runs out and he's back on the ship next day looking for me. It appears he wants my advice in a somewhat difficult situation, seeing that he really loves his wife and he'd never hit her before, but something snapped in his head.

"So what do I say?

"I say, 'Nobby, me lad, what you need is to get really stinko and in these days to do that you've got to go where there ain't no sailors.'

"I used my lump of lead, head to you, and I figures that if we thumb rides to some quiet place what was evacuated of soldiers on D-Day they might have accumulated enough beer to satisfy a couple of sailors.

"And that's how we come to find a little village with a lovely little pub with an inside like this one, all oak that's been polished for hundreds of years. Nobby, he's a new man. We down one and then another and so on and so on. And every time he sets down his tankard Nobby looks around and he says: 'Look at it, Smitty. Look at it! Not a lick of paint for five hundred years. Not a lick of paint in the whole ruddy place.'

telephones for the shore patrol. While we waits his pleasure, there's Nobby sitting in the corner of the cell crying like he was a kid again, and it seems to me I've failed 'im somehow just as 'e was expecting me to save 'im.

"Well, the shore patrol comes along and takes us back to the old tub. The jaunty takes us off the patrol and brings us up before Jimmy-the-One, the Old Man being himself on leave, and that's that."

The sailor seemed thirsty after his tale and looked at his glass. The kind-hearted gent in the bowler hat nodded sympathetically and had the glass refilled.

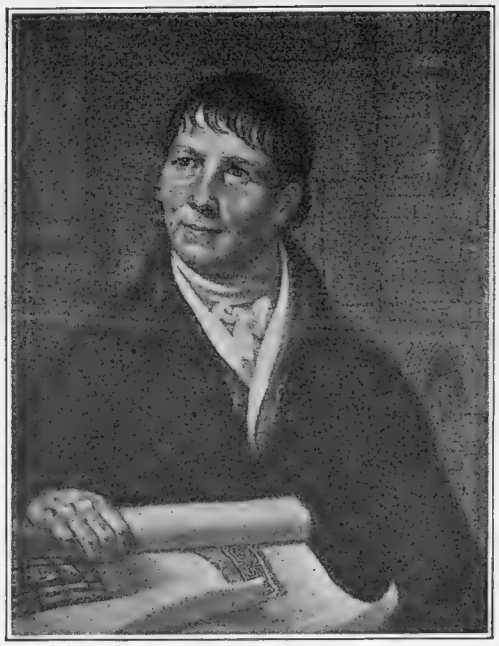
"And what?" he asked. "What punishment, may I ask, did you get?"

"Oh nothing," said the sailor. "Jimmy-the-One said something about the punishment fits the crime. It seems some Liberty ship 'ad scraped us so 'e sent us overside painting ship."

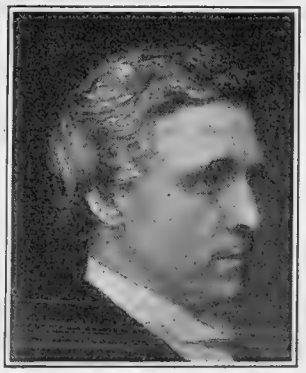
"And Nobby? He's not with you?"

"Nobby, he's in hospital. Battle fatigue, they calls it."

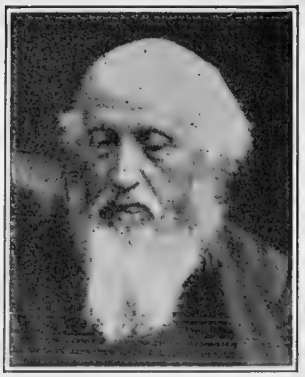
END



William Fowler, the Lincolnshire carpenter-builder, who became an expert on mosaic pavements, ancient brasses and medieval glass. As a carpenter-builder he has long since been forgotten, but is remembered by his artistic achievements



Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, whose real claim to fame rests on his creation of "Alice In Wonderland," (which he wrote under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll), and not as a university lecturer in the subject of mathematics



William Barnes, the Dorsetshire schoolmaster-parson, who is remembered to-day, not as the pedagogue or the parson, but as the author of those "Hwomely" rhymes in rich Dorset dialect recording country life as the poet knew it nearly a century ago

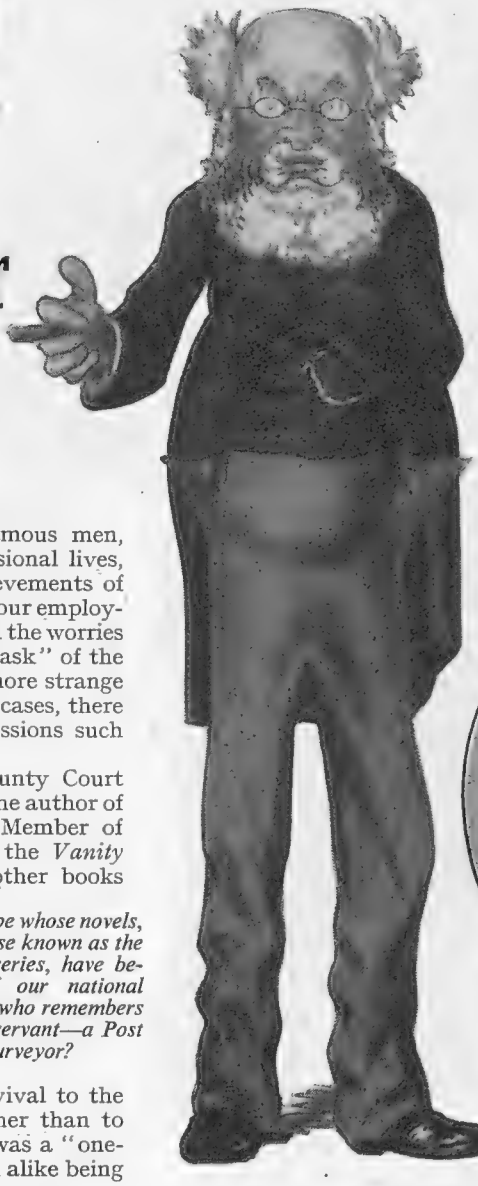
Thomas Holbeche Bloxham. As a solicitor in Rugby, the town of his birth, he is forgotten, but his fame as the author of "Bloxham's Gothic Architecture" excites appreciative comment in almost any part of the world

Great Men In Their Leisure Hours

By H. T. Kirby

IT is a curious thought that many famous men, probably quite excellent in their professional lives, are now remembered—not by the achievements of their main calling—but by some leisure-hour employment; some hobby probably taken up to dispel the worries arising from the "common round and daily task" of the workaday world. The matter seems all the more strange when it is discovered that, in the majority of cases, there is no longer any remembrance of the professions such men followed during their ordinary careers.

Thomas Hughes, for instance, was a County Court judge, but to the average person he is simply the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. He was also a Member of Parliament—not a particularly good one if the *Vanity Fair* scribe is to be believed—and wrote other books besides *Tom Brown*. Even the sequel to his first success, however, wherein he traces his hero's university career at Oxford, is now practically forgotten, and the *Scouring of the White Horse*, which now and then appears as a collector's item, probably owes its precarious survival to the inimitable drawings of "Dicky" Doyle, rather than to its literary worth. The fact is that Hughes was a "one-book" man, and to-day—judge and politician alike being forgotten—*Tom Brown* only remains.



Anthony Trollope whose novels, particularly those known as the "Barsetshire" series, have become part of our national literature. But who remembers him as a civil servant—a Post Office surveyor?

MATHEMATICS are not usually considered to be conducive to humour, yet it was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, a university lecturer in that subject, who wrote *Alice in Wonderland*, a book which has been through countless editions and has been published in nearly every language. The manuscript, too, when sold to America some years ago, realized the record price of £15,400. Again is found the curious fact that although nearly every one knows of Lewis Carroll (the pseudonym Dodgson adopted) fewer know of his real name, whilst the number who connect him with higher mathematics is infinitesimal. No doubt he was a brilliant teacher, but his real claim to fame rests—so far as the present and future generations are concerned—on his creation of *Alice*. Both the memorial window in Daresbury Church, Cheshire, as well as the tablet in Rugby School Chapel, emphasize this note by reproducing characters from this famous book in their respective memorials. In case it should be urged that the visual *Alice* belongs to Tenniel rather than to Carroll, it must not be forgotten that without the author's verbal description there would have been nothing for the artist to work upon.

EDWARD LEAR was a capable artist, particularly in landscape, and was also sometime drawing master to Queen Victoria. Yet fame came to him—not through his pictures or from royal contacts—but arose from a *Book of Nonsense*, written to amuse the grandchildren of his patron, the Earl of Derby. This compilation, a combination of rude pen-and-ink sketches, allied to verse of the "limerick" type, was immediately popular, and—although the centenary of its publication will be celebrated next year—its popularity has grown rather than diminished with the passing years; this too, in spite of a host of imitators. For every one who knows of Lear's delicate Corsican sketches there are a thousand who delight in the whimsical adventures of *The Owl and the Pussycat*.

Thomas Hughes was a County Court judge, but to the average person he is remembered as the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"

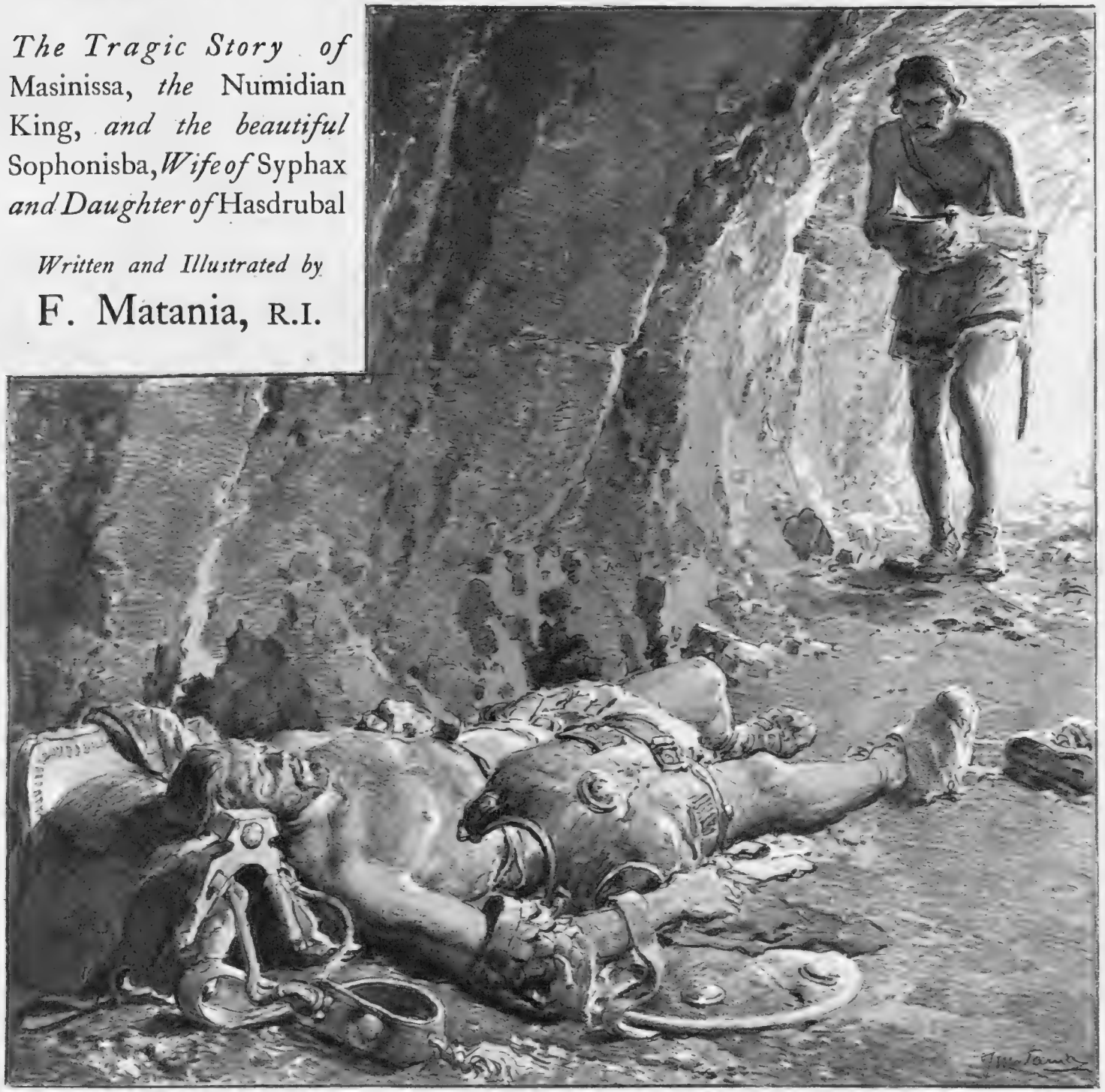
ANOTHER legal luminary was the barrister, Charles Winston. His legal record, however, has long since been forgotten, but to lovers of medieval glass he will always be remembered by his masterly *Inquiry* of 1847. This famous book—the first critical analysis of its kind—has long since attained classic rank, and all later writers have borrowed from (*Continued on page* 52)

Old Tales Re-told

The Tragic Story of Masinissa, *the* Numidian King, *and the beautiful* Sophonisba, *Wife of* Syphax *and Daughter of* Hasdrubal

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.



IT was so cool in the cave. Every now and then the snorting of horses interrupted the incessant creak, creak of an inexhaustible grasshopper.

The outline of a powerful man appeared at the opening; he advanced with short steps, revealing a slight limp, bearing in his hands a helmet filled with water which he carried so carefully that not a drop should be spilled. When he had reached a certain part of the cave he knelt down, and whispered: "I have got it."

On the ground the impressive figure of a man in the prime of his age was lying, his head pillowed on a saddle. Beside him lay his armour, so battered that it had not been necessary to unbuckle it to take it off.

He advanced with short steps, revealing a slight limp, bearing in his hands a helmet filled with water which he carried so carefully that not a drop should be spilled.

Half-naked, covered with blood that had flowed freely from his wound, he looked the very personification of drama and tragedy.

Not hearing any reply, the lame man, whose eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness, repeated once again: "I have got it; drink, it is clean and cool; I walked backwards so that my shadow would protect it from the sun—drink it."

The wounded man struggled feebly, and eagerly put his lips to the rim of the helmet. After the first mouthful he stopped abruptly and said: "What about my horse?"

"Do not worry about the horse, there is plenty of water not far off; I will fetch more."

"You are lying; give that to my horse."

After having exhausted every respectful persuasion, the man insisted and forced his patient to drink again. Some of the water ran down on his burning breast, giving the most pleasant sensation of relief.

When the wounded man had quenched his thirst, the other rose with a little moan of pain and staggered towards the two animals. He had barely reached them when their two mouths plunged violently on to the helmet. It was difficult to give it to them one at a time,

and after struggling a second or two there was not a drop of water left; it had been absorbed more by their breathing than by drinking.

The helmet was left to the mercy of the animals, who still did not seem perfectly convinced that it was empty, while the man crawled back to his companion. As he leaned over him, he said: "Do you feel better now?" He was answered with another question: "How is our friend; have you seen him?"

"He is all right; he has found a thick bush from where he can command a view of the country for miles around. I stuffed the holes in his shield with leather and gave him enough water to swim in."

"But how can you fetch so much water with your leg in this condition?"

"Do not pay any heed to my leg. There are two things that it can always do: one is to render a service to my lord, the other is to kick Syphax as far as Carthage, and for that my leg does not require any blood in it."

"Did you get out all the points of the darts?"

"Not all, there is still one; those devils make them so small."

A little time afterwards, owing partly to loss of blood and partly to fatigue, the chief fell asleep.

The lame man crawled outside, taking the helmet with him, while the grasshopper continued creak, creak, creak. . . .

THE man who had been left in the cave was Masinissa, King of Numidia, and an indomitable warrior. The education and training that he had received at Carthage, and the exploits and experiences that he had gone through, had made of him a man of iron.

Up to this time his great enemy had been Syphax, King of another Numidian neighbouring tribe. Apart from all the political reasons, he had a grudge against Syphax that no man could ever forgive. Sophonisba, the beautiful daughter of Hasdrubal, who had been betrothed to Masinissa, had become the wife of Syphax on the condition that he would join forces with Hasdrubal.

Every effort had been made by Masinissa to destroy the power of Syphax, but he had been beaten, his army annihilated, and he himself, with two companions, reduced to the pitiful state in which we find him in the cave.

Without waiting for his wounds to heal, he got together another army and tried once more to force his destiny, only to be routed again.

It was after this last débâcle that he took advantage of the alliance that he made with the Romans, and waited for their arrival under the leadership of Scipio, in order to take his revenge.

A colossal encircling movement was planned, and duly carried out, with many sweeping strokes in the classical Roman style. The Carthaginian defence gave way and a ring of iron was tightened on Carthage. The camps of Hasdrubal and Syphax were set on fire, the defending army was disorganised, dismembered and dispersed.

To Masinissa was allotted the coveted task of pursuing the fugitives, and this time Syphax was caught in his grip. He then marched straight on to Cirta.

Orders were no longer obeyed at the gates of the city: terror-stricken fugitives were pouring in, overthrowing every obstacle in their way. The description of what had happened could be summarised in a crescendo of disastrous news flashes. Sitips had fallen, Satof was in flames, Mileum was not evacuated quickly enough, and the cavalry of Masinissa had played havoc with the town. In Siguso only a few invalids had been left; it had been impossible to carry them away.

Cirta, the capital of the Massylians, attracted the people from everywhere. They did not realise that it was a question of hours only before the enemy would take it.

Without any hesitation, Masinissa rode his horse up the wide steps of the palace leading to the principal entrance

THE tumult grew to a state of collective madness, and while streams of people were entering the city, others were struggling to get out. Everyone was terror-stricken, and the crying of the children, as always happens in such a contingency, made the scene more cruelly impressive. Every kind of vehicle was acquired by the richer and more powerful citizens to enable them to save as much as they could of their belongings. Even hand-carts were torn away from their humble owners and the children and bundles they carried were thrown off.

The heavy doors of the royal stronghold had been firmly closed and reinforced with huge additional poles, but inside the consternation was no less than that outside. The guardians of the King's treasure were no longer eager to hold their honourable position. It was useless to seek orders from the Queen; she had given up issuing them from the moment that the messenger muttered between sobs that King Syphax had been taken prisoner.

Already some men of her faithful guard had discarded their armour; there was no hope.

Suddenly, as if a supernatural loud-speaker had been turned on to its fullest power, the pandemonium outside the palace filled the air. Everyone who was inside the palace was paralysed with anxiety, trying to visualise what they did not have the courage to witness. Every available man had been given a weapon, and some bravely, some reluctantly, took their stand upon the walls in an attempt at a defence that all anticipated would be fruitless.

They did not remain there long; the mere sight of the advancing cavalry was enough to dishearten them. The enemy were coming from the direction of Tucca, more were coming from Ampsaga, others from the direction of Sigus.

No side of the town was safe; the trumpets of the advancing hordes could be heard distinctly from within the walls, causing everyone to take refuge behind doors, anywhere, anyhow.

After a seemingly endless suspense, the hoofs of galloping horses were heard resounding on the cobbles of the streets.

Incessantly, more and more soldiers appeared; the majority took the direction towards the royal

Masinissa ordered that the keys of the stronghold and the royal treasure should be brought to him. Then he demanded to be alone with the Queen. Sophonisba, with a gesture, dismissed the others, who were in a state of grave suspense, not knowing what was to be their fate

palace, of which the gates opened without any resistance.

One officer only entered, came out again, issued orders, and the horses were lined up on both sides of the entrance. Presently the horn of the general was heard and this automatically rectified the line of soldiers.

At the end of the lane appeared a glittering group of horsemen led by Masinissa. He was like an equestrian monument, his rich armour jangling with the rhythmic bumping on the saddle.

Without any hesitation, Masinissa rode his horse up the wide steps of the palace leading to the principal entrance. The doorkeepers fell on their knees while he dismounted.

He was shown the way through the dark corridors, and the fact that he was alone, to a certain extent calmed the terrors of everyone in the palace. From semi-open doors anxious faces were peeping, quickly disappearing.

Masinissa's mind was not only occupied by the victory achieved after so many efforts, nor by the political position, nor the gigantic booty. He felt very human —tenderly human.

Several years before, he had left Sophonisba almost a child. Only in his imagination had he tried to guess what she would be like as a woman. He

remembered her then, when she had put all her young heart in the smile with which she had accepted the betrothal to him. When she was liable to fits of laughter at the antics of those funny dolls, threaded on a string, one end of which was tied to the foot of her nurse, who, alternately pulling and loosening it, caused the dolls to dance spasmodically. In those few minutes so many reminiscences crowded his memory, and now, within three or four seconds, he would see in flesh and blood the development that he had tried to imagine.

His step gradually lost its imposing military rhythm, and when he reached the great hall he paused for a second to breathe a little more freely.

He was amazed at himself. He, the man who had stood unflinchingly in front of the most terrorising dangers, who had laughingly dodged stones of tremendous weight hurled by the machines of war, how could he, the same man, feel such unconquerable palpitation ?

Another step and they were face to face. Neither spoke —they were struggling to appear solely preoccupied with the present position, while in reality their souls were entirely seized by the emotion of seeing each other again. Both comparing the past with the present, both trying to believe that the person they had before them was the same.

Masinissa, in a broken voice, said : " How beautiful you have grown, Sophonisba."

She looked at him for some time without answering, and then said : " Will you ever forgive my father ? "

He came one step forward, and without being able to master a feeling of anger, replied with another question : " Do you forgive him ? "

The blow had been too direct, and Sophonisba felt totally paralysed and overwhelmed. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of the many women servants, and Masinissa, straightening himself, changed his style of address to a more appropriate form.

" Salve, daughter of Hasdrubal ! I regret that I cannot use any more the title of Queen of the Massylians, the Gods have not protected your cause."

He went on for a while, trying to avoid the eyes of Sophonisba.

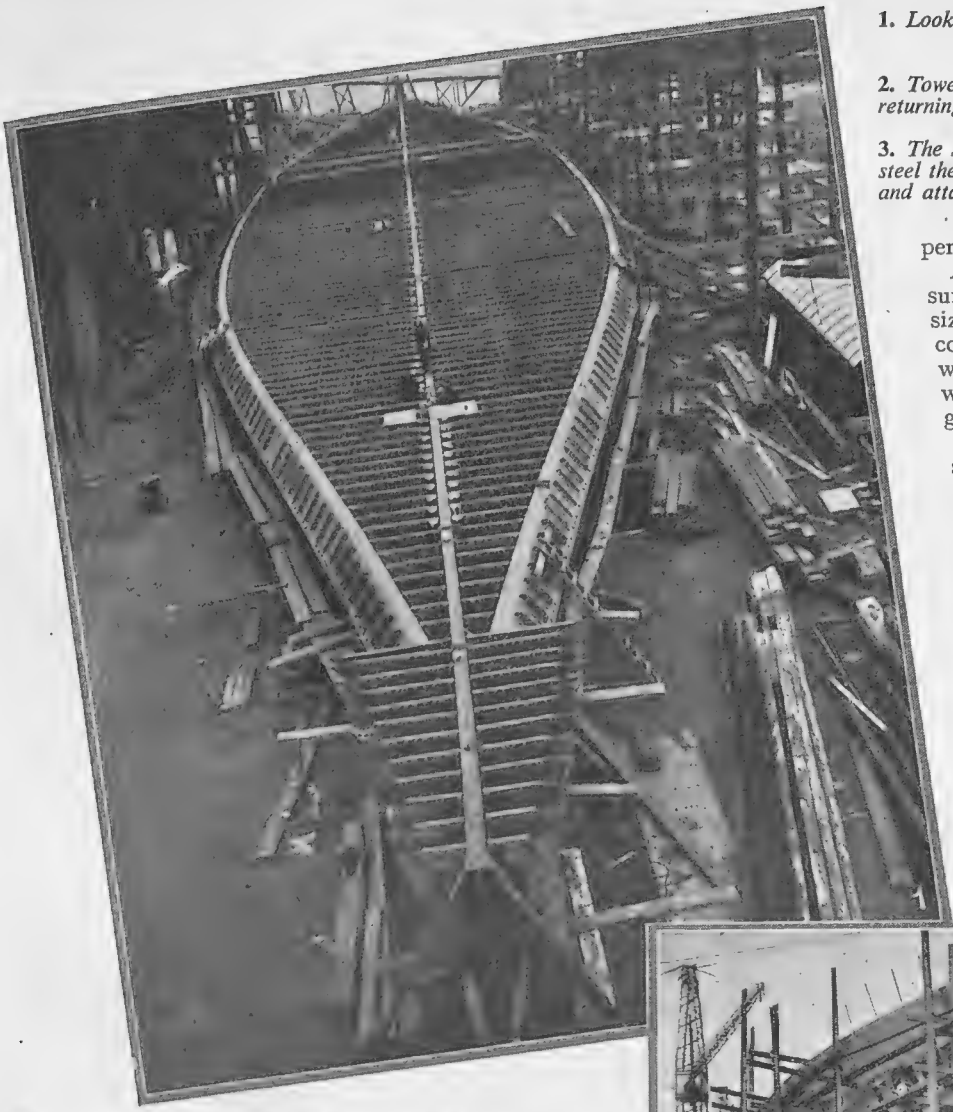
With pompous and clear words, he briefly related the events and the capture of Syphax. He ordered that the keys of the stronghold and the royal treasure should be brought to him. Then he demanded to be alone with the Queen. She, with a gesture, dismissed the others, who were in a state of grave suspense, not knowing what was to be their fate.

The inflexible Scipio, who would not ratify the marriage between Masinissa and Sophonisba

It was a long time before the Palace door opened again and Masinissa returned to his soldiers, who were sweltering under the scorching sun.

From that day events were precipitated with amazing rapidity ; the impulsive nature of (*Continued on page 52*)

When the messenger from Masinissa arrived, Sophonisba did not put many questions to him. She poured the liquid into the cup and whispered a few words that made him cover his eyes. He knelt down and kissed the edge of her garment, while she said : " Tell Masinissa that my last kiss to him is on the rim of this cup," and without hesitation she drank to the last drop



1. *Looking along the keel of a new ship at a North of England shipyard*

2. *Towering high above the stocks the shipbuilders returning to work are dwarfed by the looming hull*

3. *The ship is born. From an inert conglomeration of steel the ship becomes "alive" once she enters water and attains a springiness which seamen call her soul*

A Ship Is Born

By Frank H. Shaw

BETWEEN the first inception of a ship and her triumphant maiden voyage, a complicated programme of dexterous construction has to be arranged and completed.

There will be little shipbuilding of the luxury-liner type for some time. The type of ship likely to become most popular in so far as new construction is concerned promises to be the 12,000-ton, 18-knot "Intermediate" liner; one built primarily for freight-carrying in large quantities on moderate fuel consumption, but with accommodation for from 100 to 200 passengers —commercial men interested in trade development abroad.

Thus the question of actual design is already settled. Much painstaking labour has gone to the planning of the perfect ship of to-morrow. No layman could begin to imagine what an infinite amount of detail has to be considered in drafting such plans. The experience of centuries of seafaring is called upon, for though ships alter with the years, many root principles remain the same. A ship is a floating warehouse, whether propelled by wind, steam or electricity.

When the plans are passed as satisfactory, the real constructional work begins. All stresses and strains have been considered. The actual oceans in which ships do most of their work have to be borne in mind: a ship designed for the Pacific trade, having to pass through the tropics, would not be suitable for the winter North Atlantic, for instance. Also, the quality of hard weather met the world over varies considerably. All such factors must of necessity be kept in clear perception before the constructors' mental eyes.

A shipbuilding slip is selected. This must be suitably sited to permit of easy launching; the size of the contemplated ship being taken into consideration. When the *Queen Elizabeth* liner was launched, it may be remembered, there were far from remote fears lest she might never get into the Clyde.

Once the appropriate site is chosen the slipways are readied to take the new vessel. Since her completed weight prior to launching will be colossal, all the keel-blocks must naturally be adapted to carry such a weight; there must be no risk of these huge blocks sinking, since such a complication might well mean that the keel is warped or even broken as the accumulated weight comes on to it.

The requisite cranes and gantries are positioned; the ingenious machinery required is installed where it will be handiest. The keel plates, previously meticulously designed, are cast from the ingot, and as soon as they are ready—pierced for rivets and slotted for the frames—they are laid along the keel-blocks.

Up from the keel are erected the frames —each one differently shaped to allow for the outward modelling of the hull. These frames are built up from "lifesize" templates. They are usually composed of T-iron, or double T-iron if an inner lining to the ship is intended; the cross-part of the T being designed to hold the rivets by which the outer plating is affixed to the skeleton. Welding is, however, replacing riveting in a great number of shipbuilding yards, and wartime experience proves that welding is as satisfactory as the older method—indeed, when welded plates are broken the breach seldom, if ever, comes at the welded edges, but in the middle of the sheet of steel.

As soon as the first sections of the frames—or ribs —are in place, plating begins. Each plate as it cools, is holed exactly for the rivets, and is moulded—again from life-size patterns—to fit the exact position it must fill in the completed hull. "Windy hammers"—electric riveters—are usually employed to close the rivets; though much intricate work, especially inside the hull, is done by hand, and specialist craftsmen for such complicated tasks are always in great demand and sure of a high rate of pay. Each pair of riveters working on a plate have their own rivet-boy—or girl—whose duty it is to heat the bolts to incandescence in a portable furnace, lift them with tongs therefrom and throw them to (*Continued on page 64*)

The Man At

THERE was a rather hesitating knock at the street door and as I happened to have come down from my studio at that moment I opened the door myself. It was an icy day and the man who stood there looked frozen and ill. He was a threadbare creature with a scanty grey beard and dark, steel-rimmed glasses and he carried a large suitcase. "Can I interest you, sir," he asked, "in some real quality brushes?"

"Possibly," I said, shivering slightly; "let me see what you have."

He opened his bag. There was an array of all sorts of household brushes, some of them of the most ingenious sort, but no painters' brushes.

"Oh," I said, "I don't want any of these; I thought you meant brushes for painting."

"But these are, sir," he said, pointing to a range of house-painters' brushes.

"I mean for painting pictures," I said; "I'm a portrait painter."

His face became drawn, wan, desolated. "They told me down the road, sir, that I'd be able to sell you some brushes."

"They were trying to be funny," I said; "so sorry."

He began to close his bag and then, to my concern, he staggered on to me and collapsed in a faint.

I cursed him, for I was up to my eyes in work and there was no one else in the house upon whom to foist the responsibility of looking after this half-frozen sick rat. I lowered him to the floor and presently he recovered and sat up and began to stammer apologies. He seemed too ill to be turned out again just yet into that icy air and so I took him up to my studio, sat him down before my fire, and gave him a stiff whisky and a cigarette. A lot of bunkum is talked about whisky having no medicinal properties. You could see the life creeping back into him as the good spirit warmed him, and in ten minutes he was a man again instead of a half-frozen rat. He accepted a second cigarette and said he must be going; but I told him there was no hurry, poured him out another whisky and, deciding to let work go to the devil for a while, one for myself; and lighting a cigarette I took the chair opposite him.

"I haven't always done this sort of thing for a living," he said presently.

"No; I suppose not," I said, for his speech was that of a man of some education and culture.

"How old would you say I am?" he asked.

"Oh, sixty," I said with brutal frankness.

"I'm fifty. Ten years ago I was manager of one of the best-known banking houses in the City. But you don't want to be bothered with my troubles."

"Go ahead," I said; "I'll finish this cigarette before I start work again."

"I'd been manager then for three years," he said. "I was happily married, had a pleasant house at Richmond, and my salary enabled us to live a very comfortable life indeed. We had no children.

"One summer morning I was working alone in my office when one of the clerks came in bringing a card with a message that its owner wished to see me on most important business. The name on the card was Mr. Arthur Rankin. We had no customer of that name. I told the clerk to show him in.

"He was a smallish middle-aged man, florid, bright-eyed and very smartly dressed. He was carrying a strongly made leather attaché-case.

"'What can I do for you, Mr. Rankin?' I asked, as soon as he had sat down.

Illustrations by

"TEN years ago I was manager of one of the best-known banking houses in the City. But you don't want to be bothered with my troubles"

The Door

There's None So Blind As Those That Will Not See

By Neil Bell

"He did not reply, but producing a bunch of keys opened his case and taking a shining yellow substance, the shape and almost the size of a brick, he placed it on my desk in front of me. Seen at such close quarters it looked precisely like a gold ingot. 'Will you examine that, sir,' he said quietly.

"I picked it up. To the touch and by its weight it seemed remarkably like gold. 'Is this gold?' I asked.

"He nodded. 'Will you test it, please.'

"I smiled. 'Not for the moment. I'll take your word for it for the time being. I hope you will not object to a question.'

"'Where I got it from? Not in the least. I made it.'

"Realizing now with what I had to deal I nodded my head gently and said: 'That's most interesting, Mr. Rankin, extremely so.'

"'You think I'm a lunatic,' he said quietly. 'I assure you I'm perfectly sane. Ten days ago that ingot of gold was lead. It is now gold. You can satisfy yourself on that point very quickly. I have worked that change in it.'

"'You have discovered the Philosopher's Stone,' I said, with the intention of keeping the affair on a light footing, for I felt sure that if he were not a lunatic (and I was by no means convinced of his sanity) he was a silly practical joker.

"'Not at all,' he said. 'I have simply invented a process (it is partly an electrical process) which in a period of ten days or so changes a metallic mass whose atomic weight is 207·220 into a metallic mass whose atomic weight is 197·200: in other words, changes lead into gold.'

"'And is this ingot the first you have produced?'

"'The first? Dear me, no. I have made—but will you come to luncheon with me?'

"I hesitated.

"'At my chambers, sir,' he said, 'there will only be ourselves. I have my laboratory there; it is not more than ten minutes from here,' and he glanced at his card on the desk before me and looking down I noted his address: 15A St. James's Street, W.1. 'My car is outside,' he added.

"I hesitated even more. This was a trifle too unusual for my liking.

"'I will leave this with you,' he said, glancing at the ingot; 'perhaps you will put it in your safe.'

"While he was speaking I had made up my mind and after putting the ingot into the safe I turned to him and told him I should be happy to accept his invitation.

"It was a very pleasant luncheon. Afterwards he took me to his laboratory, a surprisingly large room, quite forty feet by twenty-five and very lofty. It led into another much smaller room, about fifteen by twelve I estimated, and access to this was through a heavy door with a combination lock. This he opened, throwing back the door, and I could not withhold an exclamation: the room was piled high with ingots; it was almost filled. If they were gold their value could not have been less than four or five million pounds.

"'You do not believe they are gold?' he said.

"'It is difficult to believe,' I replied.

"'Or that I made them?'

"'That is even more difficult.'

"'I assure you I did. Presently I will give you something a

Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

little more than assurance. As to their being gold, choose half a dozen at random and I will test them before you in the laboratory; or you may test them yourself.'

"During the next half hour I tested over a score of the ingots: they were pure gold.

"'Are you satisfied?' he asked.

"I nodded.

"'Now as to the making,' he said; 'do you understand electricity?'

"'Not more than the average man,' I said.

"He nodded slowly. 'If you were an expert I should have to be more careful.' And then for the first time he smiled and added: 'You will not, I am sure, expect me to give away my process.'

"He then showed me ingots in various stages of their change from lead to gold. They were all immersed in liquid in thick glass containers from which hung many wires fused into the glass.

"'Well?' he said, peering at me through the thick lenses of his glasses.

"All I could find to say was: 'Astonishing!' and realizing its inadequacy I tried to lend it emphasis by repeating it.

"'And now?' he said.

"'Yes?' I asked.

"'Lord Stanway is the chairman of your bank, I believe?'

"I nodded.

"'Would you arrange an interview for me; and as soon as possible?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'luckily Lord Stanway is in Town. I will ring him as soon as I get back.'

"'I should like to see him in the morning if possible.'

"'I will do my best,' I said.

"I spent two hours with Lord Stanway that afternoon. He agreed to meet Mr. Arthur Rankin the following morning and meanwhile I was to keep the matter to myself. This he impressed upon me most earnestly. Later that afternoon there was an emergency meeting of the directors to which I was summoned and told my story much as I have told it to you." He paused and looked over to me.

"That wasn't the end, surely?" I said.

"As far as I know it was," he said; "for it was the last I ever heard of Mr. Rankin or his ingots."

"They were fakes after all?" I said.

"Not a bit of it. They were pure gold and he had undoubtedly discovered a process for changing lead into gold."

"But," I said, and stopped short as he snapped his fingers and said: "It's as simple as that."

"The explanation?"

"Yes. Consider for a moment. America at that time possessed gold to the amount of five thousand millions sterling. France had a thousand millions; we a trifle more. All the banking concerns and big financial houses in the three countries were backed by gold. In other words those three countries held most of the world's gold and their power in world politics was based on those holdings. And here was a man who could make that gold worth no more than lead and apparently was proposing to do so. Isn't it obvious?"

"Hardly."

"He was removed."

"Do you mean killed?"

"Undoubtedly. Do you remember the stories current in the City some years ago of a man turning up at the head office of one of the big oil companies with a box of white pills; asking for a bucket of water; dissolving a pill in it; filling up the tank of the managing director's car and being driven out to luncheon, the car running on a liquid that he declared could be produced simply and so economically that it could be sold at a profit at a penny a gallon. Remember it?"

"I did hear something of the sort," I said; "but I thought it was just a good tale."

"It was the truth. That man disappeared. He, too, was killed."

"Oh preposterous!" I said.

"You think so. Then consider what happened to me. Within six weeks of Mr. Arthur Rankin's murder, for that is what it was, I was sent for to attend a directors' meeting; and there I was confronted with a record of my defalcations extending over the past three years. They were, of course, all faked. I was told the bank would not prosecute and, because of my former good service, I should be allowed to resign. There was nothing I could do. Who would believe me? And who, now, would believe my story of Mr. Arthur Rankin? If only I had been bold enough to have blurted out the truth at the time there was a chance I might have been believed, that proof might have been found before all the traces had been covered up. It was too late now. There was nothing to be done. I resigned." He paused and sighed. "Ill-luck followed me and I began to drift downhill until I have come to this." He was silent for a long moment and then he shifted in his chair and said: "I must be getting along now. I feel myself again. Thank you very much." And refusing more whisky or another cigarette or even my assistance downstairs with his bag, he went away.

AS I stood at the bar in the club that evening Conway sauntered over to me. "I'll trouble (*Continued on page* 58)

AFTERWARDS he took me to his laboratory, a surprisingly large room. It led into another much smaller room, and access to this was through a heavy door with a combination lock

Above. Shaftesbury, Dorset. Looking down Gold Hill. It commands fine views over the Vale of Blackmore and is "Shaston" of Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels

Hills And The Sea

Two views of the beauty of the English West Country

Below. Polruan, Cornwall. Looking towards Fowey Harbour. The home of "Q." It is built on a steep hillside and is connected with Fowey by a ferry

You'll Do . . .

A Battle of Wits Between a Man and a Maid

By Holloway Horn

ANTHONY TRESSIDER waited with obvious anxiety at the bus stop on Mossford Common. The R.A.F. uniform is extremely becoming, but young Tressider would have been an attractive personality even in mufti. It wasn't that he was merely good-looking: there was an arresting quality in his face; one wondered who and what he was—particularly if one were a woman.

And his anxiety became more obvious as the time for the bus drew near.

He saw the girl and the bus almost at the same time. She came out of a seventeenth-century cottage about a hundred yards from the bus stop, which she reached with perhaps twenty seconds in hand.

"I began to think you weren't coming," he smiled as he took the small suitcase she was carrying.

"You silly old ass!" she said affectionately.

She was dressed in a blue silk frock which, even in wartime, had something about it. It's difficult to say exactly what it was. After all, a blue silk frock is a blue silk frock and may be seen any day anywhere. But this frock picked up the blue of her eyes. She had also well-groomed, golden hair with nothing arrogant or synthetic about it.

It is impossible to convey a clear idea of a girl by saying that she had blue eyes and golden hair—even though she had had a perm the previous evening. At least a considerable percentage of the young of the female sex seem to have, or to have acquired, such colouring, so you have to take on trust my assertion that Mary Bradley, as a girl, was an out-and-outer. There is no question that the gallant pilot officer would have agreed, for he was absurdly in love with her.

Incidentally, she was a land girl, and could drive a tractor every bit as well as a man, but not, of course, in a blue silk frock or shoes with heels quite as high as the ones she was wearing that day. For this was a special day.

Several of the people in the bus knew them and many glances came their way, but they were by this time far away in a world of their own.

"You look utterly adorable, sweet," he said, so softly that not even Mrs. Ives, the farmer's wife sitting just in front of them, caught the words.

"I wasn't certain," she said. "The mirror in my bedroom is almost as old as the cottage and I always look terrible in it."

"If only we were in my old car I should pull up just along here," he said. "Just where the road goes through the spinney."

"And then we might be late."

"But fancy, my beloved! A whole weekend together. Forty-eight hours!"

"It—isn't long, is it?"

"It's forty-eight hours. You'll never regret it?"

"Is that a question or a statement?" she laughed and when she laughed you couldn't help noticing that the blue of her eyes was a very lovely blue indeed.

"I was terrified in case the bus came before you. I began to think that you had thought better of it."

"Don't you worry—I've never loved you as much as I do this morning."

"Darling . . ."

And so on.

Perhaps you have never attempted to make love on the back seat of a small country bus filled with curious people. It is no easy matter, but a pilot officer naturally possesses both initiative and resource. Anyway, they were only twenty minutes on the bus and they alighted in the main street of a small market town. The time was then eleven thirty-five and their first appointment was at midday. Afterwards they had lunch in the private room of the King's Arms where the landlady knew the pilot officer. "I managed

Flower Pot

JERRY DISHART, the taxi-driver, agreed to call for them at ten-thirty on Monday morning—in about forty-three hours. It is amazing how quickly forty-three hours can go when you're in love

to get the taxi, sir," she told him. "He'll be here at three o'clock."

"And he'll take us to the 'Flower Pot'?"

"He will and all," she said. "Strictly speaking, he shouldn't, but there's ways and means, as the saying is."

Which statement, of course, is one of fact.

And at three o'clock to the tick, the landlady announced the taxi was at the door.

It was twenty miles to the hotel known as the "Flower Pot"; the journey was longer, more comfortable and less crowded than the bus. They were still very much in love and even if all that Fate could offer them was a matter of forty-eight—or rather forty-four—hours, they were going to make the most of it. Jerry Dishart, the driver, was, even for a taxi-driver, tactful, and the journey, so far as he knew, passed without incident. He agreed to call for them at ten-thirty on Monday morning—in about forty-three hours. It is amazing how quickly forty-three hours can go when you're in love. The "Flower Pot" had a small golf course, and a lake in which you could fish if you were so disposed. There were also tennis courts and lovely walks, and, of course, the other guests, who were probably quite amusing in their way. One old gentleman suggested bridge to them on the Saturday evening. He was perfectly serious: he really did wonder if they would play bridge. The pilot officer was very pleasant about it: he did not, unfortunately, play the game.

THEY were still at breakfast on the Monday morning when the ancient and asthmatic waiter announced that the taxi was at the door.

"Good Lord! Not already," said the pilot officer.

"'Fraid so, sir," the waiter said and tactfully withdrew.

"We've five minutes," the pilot officer said.

"Five minutes!" she echoed with a sigh.

"I love you," he asserted, as if the young woman needed assurance on the point, or hadn't noticed it.

"And I love you," she whispered in her turn, in case the fact had escaped him.

And so on.

Jerry Dishart hoped they had had a good week-end.

"You 'ad very nice weather," he informed them.

"You know, Tony," the young woman said as the taxi started. "He's quite right about the weather, now I come to think of it."

The pilot officer smiled: "Any weather, anywhere, would be lovely with you."

And in those circumstances, and within certain obvious limitations, this may have been true.

Jerry Dishart so adjusted his speed that the pilot officer caught his train at the market town with a few minutes to spare. Half an hour later, a very subdued Mary entered the bus outside the Town Hall and presently alighted at the bus stop where we saw her first. Thence she walked to the seventeenth-century cottage where she made herself a cup of cocoa.

There is much to be said for cocoa, particularly as a food, but there are times when it is the complete anti-climax. Mary, however, was a practical young person, and having consumed the cocoa she took off the blue frock, donned her working garments, and went along to the farm to get on with her job.

That evening, still more conscious of the anti-climax, she returned to Woodbine Cottage. She had a bath in the pleasant tiled bathroom—perhaps it should be made clear at this juncture that Woodbine Cottage was a rather exceptional place. It had been left to Mary Bradley, together with a tiny income, by a maiden aunt. In the early days of the war she had used it for week-ends, but had taken up residence there permanently when she gave up her work in the office of a London publisher to become a land girl. The maiden aunt had—obviously—never acquired a husband, but she had been, in spite of the fact, an inveterate collector, as the pewter, brass and old furniture in the cottage proved. Mary had softened some of its antique angularity into modern comfort and the result was a very pleasant home. It overlooked a wide, wooded valley; the focal point of the view was a big house peeping up from its setting of old trees about a mile away, wherein lived Sir John Tressider with his lady wife.

Sir John controlled a firm which owned a fantastic number of shops, and had acquired, among many other things, an incredible amount of money and a baronetcy. He subscribed generously to all the more spectacular charities, and it was understood that a well-deserved peerage was within the range of possibility.

Tony was the only child and a great disappointment. Sir John, of course, was proud of his son as an airman, but the fellow was a writer and once the war was over had every intention of continuing as such, although Sir John had repeatedly pointed out that there was precious little money in it. Moreover, most disturbing rumours had recently reached him about the land girl, who, at the moment, was sitting in the front garden of her cottage with her supper of sandwiches and coffee on a small table by her side. A direct question to the pilot officer, a day or so before, had elicited a reply which made the rumours even more disturbing.

Mary had, of course, by this time completed her bath, and in an attempt to overcome the feeling of depression had put on the blue frock once more.

The hour was nine, but Mary had not turned on the wireless, for that evening she found the war extremely distasteful. A

middle-aged gentleman coming up the path from the road in the valley paused and wiped his forehead. Mary was looking out across the valley with unseeing eyes and did not notice him until she heard the click of the garden gate.

"Er—good evening," the elderly gentleman said. "I'm Sir John Tressider."

"Good evening, Sir John," she said. "Won't you sit down?" She indicated a garden seat. "You look tired."

"Warm work, walking," he said as he subsided into the seat.

"I believe we met once before," she said. "You presented me with a bronze medal for ploughing."

"That's right. You're Miss Bradley?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've come up to see you."

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

HE exposed to her gaze a bundle of beautifully printed notes. It was the cheapest of cheap tricks, of course, but apparently she did not resent it for she said: "That's rather an idea"

"That's nice of you. Have some coffee? A cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

She lit a cigarette before she said: "And what can I do for you, Sir John?"

"You're a friend of my lad, Tony?"

"I know Pilot Officer Tressider, certainly. My firm published his novel—that was before I went on the land."

"So he told me. And so I've heard. You've been about a lot with him."

"Well?"

"You know, I'm not taking kindly to this job, Miss Bradley."

"I'm afraid I'm not quite clear what the job is, Sir John."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"That's rather my business—and his. Why not ask him?"

"Now, look here—Tony's not the easiest proposition to tackle. I gave way on the writing."

"Because you had to, Sir John," she smiled.

"But I'm not going to give way on this."

"This being?" she queried.

"You," he said bluntly.

"You might have phrased it the least bit more pleasantly, don't you think?" she suggested.

"No, I don't. I'm a judge of character, or I shouldn't be where I am to-day, and I fancy you're a young woman who would rather have the truth than a lot of beating about the bush."

"We strive to please," that modern girl said and blew an impudent series of smoke rings into the still, evening air.

"Now, don't get me wrong," he said anxiously.

"What exactly have you come here for, Sir John?" she asked.

"Well——" he hesitated.

"Go on!" she urged.

"I'm a plain business man," he essayed a new opening.

"You're certainly not as good looking as your son," she said, with a pleasant smile.

"You know, you're not making my job any easier," he complained. "Tony's very young," he went on and once again seemed to hesitate.

"In some ways he's absurdly young, although he's four years older than I am," she agreed.

"It's no use beating about the bush. If Tony marries without my consent, he won't get a penny of my money."

"In the long run he'd probably be happier without it," she replied calmly. "If I may say so without offence, your money doesn't seem to have made you either tolerant or gracious. What will you do with it if, for example, he marries me? It would be such a waste to take it with you: modern money is so inflammable."

"You're a good spirited girl," he said with reluctant admiration. "I'm a baronet—I may be a peer one of these days. We want Tony to marry a lady."

"If you were not so funny, Sir John, you would be even more offensive than you are."

"Be as rude as you like: I can take it. By a lady, of course, I mean a member of a titled family—a girl from one of the big families; with traditions, and what my wife calls a background."

"I see. Have you told Tony about all this?"

"Course I have. Well, that's the position. If he marries without my consent not one penny of my money goes to him."

"So you said before, Sir John."

"Now you're a sensible girl—I can see that—and I've nothing against you. Do you think it would be to Tony's advantage to marry you? Frankly, now?"

"Yes, I do," she said. "Since you ask the question."

"Well, I don't. He's going to marry a girl who can help him on—a girl who knows the ropes. There's no reason why he shouldn't end up in the Cabinet—with the proper wife, and the help I can give him. He'll never make a business man, I'm afraid."

"He certainly won't," she agreed. "But then he'll never make a Cabinet Minister either. What he will make is a really fine novelist. And there I can help him."

"That's as may be, but I've got other plans for my son."

"You know, Sir John, I thought you were extinct."

"Go on, I'll buy it," he said. (*Continued on page* 67)

On Duty and Off...

We know only too well that peace is not going to produce plenty of anything for a long time; but it is reasonable to hope that in a short time we may see a little more of some of the things we need. What we want are more elastic roll-on suspender-belts and less of the hook-up variety. We want to see those Joyce and Cooke shoes in the shops—and in our size as well. We are tired of being told that the thing we want was on sale yesterday or might be on sale to-morrow, but is out of stock to-day, when we know full well it is under the counter or being saved for some favourite customer. And we want most of all good manners to be once more the order of the day.

Jane Gordon

ON DUTY

NO one can say that we have been grossly overfed during the past three or four years, and yet any number of women are finding that their weight and measurements have increased uncomfortably. Two things are mainly responsible for this extra weight; firstly, a badly balanced diet and secondly, black-out conditions.

In order to make up for the foods we could not get, we have stuffed ourselves up with starchy foods. We have eaten too much of stale hors d'œuvre, thick soups, Lord Woolton's pie, macaroni cheese, rice and semolina puddings, roly-polys, jam rolls, doughnuts and ersatz cakes and pastries. We need a lot of milk and butter, eggs, fruit and meat to counter-balance all these starches, and as we are not likely to get these delicacies yet awhile, we must make the best of summer salads and raw vegetables.

The black-out has been far more responsible for our putting on weight than most people realise. And the reason is very simple. Fresh air is needed to oxidise body fats, and during these last few years when our main food supplies have been extra-fattening, fresh air was more necessary than ever before. The black-out has made rooms extra-stuffy, and many women have had to work in black-out conditions. In the department where I work, we have not seen the light of day for five years and eight months, and that in itself helps to add inches to waist and hips. So, if you are trying to lose weight, remember that fresh air is just as important as diet. Sleep with your blinds up and your curtains drawn and your windows wide open. Try and make up for all the fresh air you have missed during these war years.

This is the first rule in weight reduction. Here are some more which you may find useful:

1. Take a large tumblerful of hot or cold water half an hour before breakfast every morning. If you are lucky enough to have a lemon, add a little lemon juice to the water.
2. Do not take more than three cups of tea a day and use saccharine instead of sugar.
3. In cooking, all sweets should be flavoured with saccharine and not sugar.
4. You should drink plenty of water, and the best time to drink this is half an hour before meals.
5. Use your imagination when you serve salads, and have a fresh salad with your mid-day and your evening meal.

THE old-fashioned salad was served in one of two ways. Either a few bits of tomato were mixed in with a little lettuce, or else a few cooked potatoes and carrots were allowed to get cold, chopped up together, mixed in with a few bits of beetroot, and labelled "Russian Salad." *New* new-fashioned salad should be generous enough to be a meal in itself, and at this time of year you should be able to produce at least fifteen different varieties.

Try these combinations for raw salads: shredded carrots, mixed with parsley and watercress; young spinach, finely shredded raw cabbage and parsley; grated carrots and chopped-up onions with lettuce; little radishes with chicory and tomatoes; lettuces, sliced cucumber, tomatoes and little, raw green peas. The most delicious salad of all used to be served in the South of France, and was called Crudities. The Crudities were served in a large salad bowl and consisted of little cucumbers, small beetroots, baby carrots, tomatoes, radishes and onions and leeks served whole, together with lettuce. The salad cream, which was served in a separate dish, had a tiny amount of curry powder mixed in with it, and the vegetables tasted infinitely better whole than they would have chopped up. Another salad which is popular on the Continent is Cold Slaw, which consists of shredded raw cabbage served with salad cream. A weight-reducing salad-dressing consists of half a teaspoon of dried mustard mixed into a tablespoon of vinegar.

If you are trying to reduce your weight choose white fish such as cod, hake, turbot, plaice, sole or whiting, and avoid the fat fish such as salmon, mackerel, herring and sardines. Serve fish boiled, grilled, baked or steamed, and not fried. Avoid fried foods as much as possible.

I have an exercise chart which you are very welcome to if you send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

OFF DUTY

FOR those of us who are lucky enough to have a home still standing, it is a great joy to look round and plan for the future. There are probably a million homes or more to be rebuilt or made habitable, before we will arrive at the luxury of re-decorating. All the same, it is fun to look ahead and consider what you would like in the way of carpets, paint, wall-paper, furniture and soft furnishings.

The recent exhibition of historical and British wall-papers proves that there is a tremendous future for wall-papers in our post-war housing schemes. But wall-paper is not a thing to choose lightly and inadvisedly, and when you remember the horrible examples you have seen in hotel bedrooms, it is small wonder that people played safe with paint and distemper.

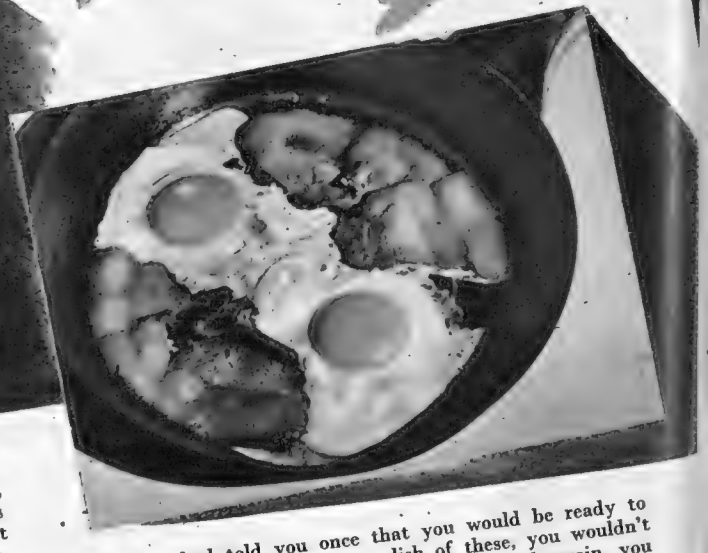
The post-war nursery wall-papers are going to include early "Kate Greenaway," patterns by Lucy Attwell, and those showing animals, railway trains, ships, the alphabet, scenes from nursery rhymes and, of course, the Walt Disney designs. (*Continued on p.* 67)

This is somebody we had nearly forgotten—the errand-boy whose worth we under-estimated when he woke us from an afternoon nap to leave the groceries which rightly belonged next door. Here he is in person with the bicycle that was such a menace to the life and limb of the community. The sooner it threatens us again the better.

We groped and stumbled through a black-out. We rode Shanks's pony. The way home was often hard, and harder still after dark, when the last bus left at ten and taxis went only to people adept in magic. We shall continue to carry our parcels and stand in draughty bus queues for a while yet, dreaming of the taxi-man who used to try to catch our eye. But he will be with us again. Perhaps soon.

. . . And Plenty

We each have our memories of cool, delicious meals on terraces over-looking sun-dappled waters. It might have been the Riviera, the Swiss lakes, the Thames, a yacht club. It doesn't matter where. These things spelt peace, beauty, good wine, laughter, pretty summer clothes and a seeming remoteness from toil or fear. That was long ago, and sometimes since we have wondered if it could have been true. But it WAS, it happened, and, now, it will again.



If they had told you once that you would be ready to trade your inheritance for a dish of these, you wouldn't have believed it. When food is plentiful again, you may be tempted to doubt the truth of it again, but it was so.

Look at the chicken-patties on the left—real chicken—the *foie-gras* sandwiches easing themselves in at the top of the picture, and then at the eggs stuffed with creamed shrimps on the right. If you are still competing, run your eye over the dish in the centre, with its prawns and tunny fish, the stuffed tomatoes and anchovy eggs. These were just preliminaries of the pre-war meal, of course. The kind of meals you can now look forward to again. Well, sometime, anyway.

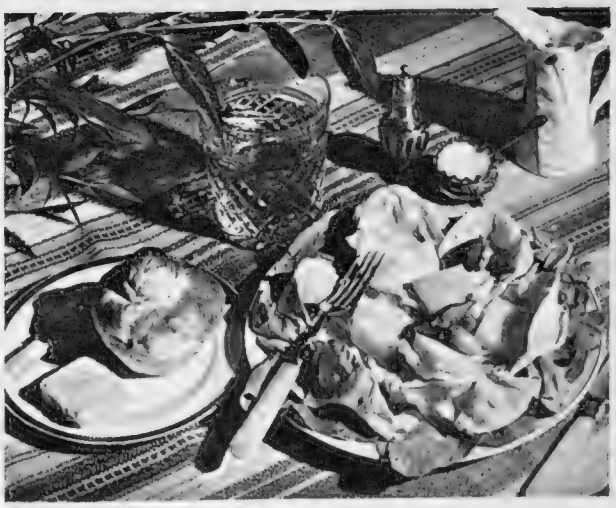
He started life to the accompaniment of gun-fire. He has never seen a banana, and wouldn't know what to do with an iced cake if he saw one. This is his first sight of the sea, his pre-view of gaiety and the human being at play, and it looks good.

We opened the floodgates of relief and justly celebrated our conquest. Then came sober reflection and the acknowledgment that peace, in all its fullness, had yet to be. There is work to be done, yet we can look forward. That much we can permit ourselves—to prepare for the full fruits of victory and the thrill of promised luxuries

Whether the picnic was cold chicken and caviare, with the champagne iced, or whether you shared a Thermos and a packet of sandwiches and swotted flies with a newspaper, it was pure joy. A sandy beach, a shady glade, washing-up in the brook, dodging the inevitable rain. Even the discomforts seem fun at this distance. And now, again, we can sling everything into the car, and drive out of the hot cities.

Lady, you may forget your utility undies for a while—picture yourself in floating *négligées*, in stockings that cling and glamorise, in pretty wisps of lace and ribbon. They will come again and it may be soon. Meantime, here is Evelyn Keyes, of Columbia Pictures, to show, in case you have forgotten, what sheer silk does to legs.

Midsummer MADNESS



It's crazy to... rush in from a game of tennis, a brisk walk, and, hot and breathless, drink a long draught of some lovely iced drink. The sudden shock to the body of your intake of iciness can cause illness. Wait for a moment and have a few sips, just to warn your system of what is on its way.

It's crazy to... do a sudden starvation diet in the hot weather.

There is no need to eat a lot in hot weather, but you must eat regularly and sanely. Have your tea for breakfast, but add a slice of Melba toast, and some prunes or raisins. Eat your lunch at the proper time, and have salad, roll and butter at the least. Salads are not easy to digest, despite their health virtues. They need time for mastication. They are better taken for lunch than for supper, but don't rush them.

Don't let the sunshine catch you in its net so that you leave your meals "until later." Gastric juices are things of habit. They can become discouraged if you fail to keep your mealtime appointments, and then your digestion has a tough time.

It's crazy to...

waste fresh air. Get as much as you can, especially in the early evenings. If you have an indoor hobby, try to adjust it so that you can do it out of doors. If you are a film fan, try to make it a rainy-day feature and not a thief of your sunny hours.

Sunshine is a thing that you have to receive as a gift. You cannot beg, borrow, buy or steal it—but you can fritter it.

Fresh air and sunshine together are health's greatest assets, and there is no need to lie in the broiling sunshine to get the benefit of the summer shine. Just be out of doors, under a tree, under a sunshade; have your evening meals in the garden or on the verandah or by the window. This climate is miserly with its sovereign weather. Do try not to miss a scrap of it, especially if you are an indoor worker.

It's crazy to... sit out in the heat of an overcast summer day and think you are safe from sunburn. Summer clouds do not keep off the ultra-violet rays. So be just as careful on a hot, dull day as you would be in blazing sunshine.

It is crazy to try for a Mediterranean tan in the first few days of a fortnight's holiday. A little and often is far better than a lot at once. And always guard the back of your neck against the direct rays of the sun. If you have short hair, wear a handkerchief. You 'll feel worse than crazy if you have to finish your holiday in a darkened room, with wet packs on you all day—the treatment for sunstroke.

It is crazy to think you must not drink because it is fattening. Your body needs far more liquids in the hot weather, because one of its most effective methods of ridding itself of heat is by perspiration, and if you do not take in plenty of light liquids, then how is your body to get its basic moisture?

It is crazy to go for a holiday to the country if you suffer from hay fever. Beware all flowers that are rich with pollen. Aim for the seaside, where fresh salt breezes keep the irritating dust of flowers away.

It is crazy to feast in the hot weather. Eating heavy meals raises the temperature. If you are old and have a high blood-pressure, a huge meal on a hot day can make a nice angel of you. Cut out puddings, soups, savouries, spices, which raise the temperature of the body.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1

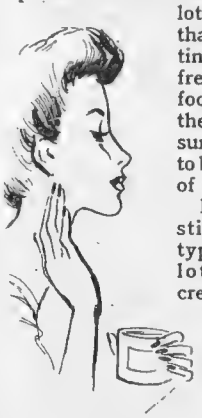
Revise your summer make-up. The war made us all a little slapdash, missing the subtler points. A dash of cream, lipstick, powder and perhaps rouge, took enough time and trouble for most women. Make-up men hold the careers of young film stars in their clever fingers. You hold your own looks in your fingertips. You don't have to look artificial, it is a matter of clever adjustment of make-up to suit your own features and failings. Try your artistry.

Midsummer MAKE-UP

FRECKLES

THESE are thought to be due to some skin deficiency, so that the pigment-forming capacity of the skin is only in those spots where the freckles appear. In other words, the freckles are your summer tan, and the white skin under them is not capable of reacting normally to the sun.

There is only one thing for you to do—you must protect your skin so that the tanned spots are not formed, and protect it with a tan-toned foundation lotion or make-up so that the white skin is tinted to match the freckles. It is just as foolish to try to remove the freckles in midsummer as it is to try to bleach your skin clear of tan in midsummer.



Luckily there are still some excellent types of foundation lotions and tinted creams on the market. Specialists have advised sensitive-skinned sufferers that calamine lotion, or brown grease-paint, protects the skin most effectively. Elizabeth Arden's All Day Foundation in Rachel or Rose Rachel should be effective. Cyclax Day Lotion in a dark shade would be helpful, too. Max Factor's Pancake make-up in suntan shades would be protective.

At night use Arden's Bleachine Cream (or calamine lotion) alternately with skinfood. When the summer sun has packed up for the year, then bleach whatever freckles you have managed to collect.

EYES. Start with your brows. These should never be more than a shade or two darker than your hair, but in the summer, if your skin is darker, your brows can be a little darker, too. If you have a large nose, pluck your eyebrows so that they are well apart over the bridge, and use a soft pencil to extend them towards the temples.

Eyes can be shadowed so faintly that it is unnoticeable, yet flattering. In most cases your own eye colour is the one to choose. If you have blue eyes, navy is suitable for day wear.

Deep-set eyes should never have eye shadow; protruding eyes, always. Mascara should be a tinting of your lashes to make the full length of them visible. Use a clean brush, hot water (to help the upward curl), and concentrate on the outer lashes if you have a large nose.

LIPS. Use an artist's oil-colour brush, a tiny one that you can cut to a point, and use to outline and paint-in your lips. This brush technique gets a more flattering outline, and the fill-in is never jammy.

Brush on your lipstick, blot lips, powder gently with cotton-wool, rebrush, blot again, and your lipstick should stay all day if it has any staying virtues.

Lips can be brighter if your skin is tanned at all, but avoid dark hues; they are ageing. Yellows, tans and russets are out, except for redheads.

A long, thin face can have a normal mouth extended with rounded lip corners. Heavy chins and long upper lips both need full upper lips. A thin upper lip should be thickened, of course, and the chinless beauty should keep accent off her bottom lip.

SKIN. The biggest news is foundations. Instead of applying a white cream that holds your powder shade as the make-up for your skin, powder foundations are now of utmost importance, and powder is merely a finishing bloom. In fact, in America a colourless powder has been introduced into the cosmetic world. You can get your toned foundation as a liquid, a cream or a cake, and all are excellent.

It should be applied thinly, unless you have some definite skin blemishes to hide (this does not include blackheads and open pores, which should be remedied, not hidden). Never have your foundation toned more than a shade lighter or darker than your own skin.

Use your old summer-tan foundation lotion for under your eyes if there are shadows to hide; apply that first and then give an all-over coating of your this-summer foundation. Use a shade of powder that echoes this.

Send to us if you would like a colour chart for make-up.

Of Interest To Home-

POST-WAR HOUSE

SO little has been said at this stage about private enterprise and its possibilities in the great build-up which is about to start that it is hard to visualise new houses which are not in one of the Government mass-production schemes.

For people who look forward to building a home of their own when restrictions are removed, it is interesting to speculate on the appearance of the post-war house of, shall we say, the middle-income group.

There is a reasonable certainty that the functional design—which many of us still refer to as " modern "—will be widely represented everywhere. Now well out of the teething stage and shorn of its earlier crudities, this style of building has much to recommend it.

But for all the practical qualities of the modern design, there are still many people who cling with unchanging affection to the traditional style.

The English house of the past has stood, and will continue to stand, for all that is finest in design. The depredations wrought upon our architectural good name by the jerry-builders of the last decade merely represent a phase. Outside of this, the English period house stands supreme for beauty. Surely we shall not forget this and let a proud inheritance go lagging at the skirts of modernism ?

4. This delightful house, built before the war, is a perfect representative of the combination of the old and the new in architectural design. Following the Georgian tradition with long, gracefully-proportioned windows and a classic pillared porch approached from a circular, graded flight of steps, its beauty is impressive. The indoor planning embraces the newest labour-saving comfort and equipment.

5. This cottage, which is entirely modern, has all those endearing features of the English country cottage which still makes such a wide appeal. Small though the house is, the rooms are cleverly planned for spaciousness, and the interior layout is arranged with concessions to the latest modern practice. The windows are large enough to admit plenty of light, and are given an even wider appearance from outside by the addition of shutters downstairs.

6. Many so-called reproductions of the Tudor house have been perpetrated all over the countryside and in our towns. Some of them have been regrettable, but others, as in this case, are worthy representatives of a building tradition which will never die. For this house genuine old materials were used, as far as possible, to give an authentic appearance of age.
Architect, C. S. Kimpton, A.R.I.B.A.

1. A part of this exquisite example of timber-and-plaster work was built in 1350. The original structure has been added to and altered from time to time, and not all of this work was good, but the bad part was eventually obliterated and the fine original beauty of the house was revealed and restored.

2. Universally accepted as the traditional English house, this white homestead nestling under its thatched eaves is of a type most dearly loved wherever the thatched cottage is known. This charming house, originally a mill, has been cleverly restored.

3. This is a typical product of the late seventeenth-century mode in architecture. In the latter half of the century, building had been much retarded by the effects of the Civil War and of the Plague, but with the return of prosperity and flourishing industry, interest in architectural experiment grew very rapidly. In fact, small houses in the country and in the provincial towns evolved into the most perfect English product of the Renaissance.

Builders Who Want A FROM THE PAST

Before the war many new houses were built which perpetuated the beauty of the past while incorporating all those features of practical modern development which make for health, comfort and ease of maintenance.

These have proved that a house may be completely modern in the sense of its equipment and layout, while still retaining those characteristics which we associate with the outward appearance of earlier designs.

The Georgian style was enjoying a phase of real popularity again just before building activities were suspended for the war.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the smaller house came into its own. Exquisite examples survive to prove their grace and charm.

To-day, the elegant proportions, the large, gracious windows and the classic doorways are reproduced again as exterior features of homes which are completely up to date in all their interior features. Most popular of all reproductions has been the timber-and-stucco house of the fifteenth and earlier centuries.

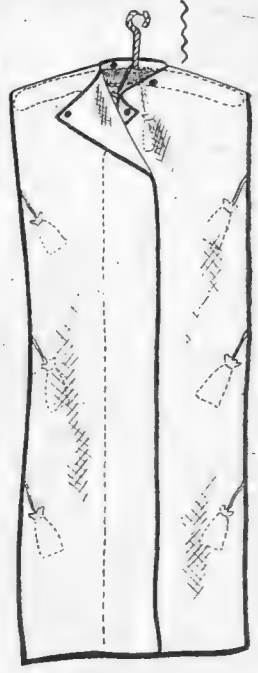
The warm red-brick, timber and stucco front, with lattice windows, lends itself to good reproduction and adapts itself to modern indoor comforts.

Even the thatched cottage has come into its own again. Architects have reproduced many of these charming representatives of the past, combining their most lovable features with comforting amenities.

The new-old English house has a great future. It has support among all who have an affection for tradition by combining the best of both worlds.

WINIFRED LEWIS

MOTH-PROOF BAG



Make this hanging bag for preserving your most precious things from moth and dust. It will cost about ten shillings. The waxed or proofed material can be bought in almost any departmental store.

Materials Required :

1¼ yds. proofed material 36 ins. wide (or 1 yd., 45 ins. to 54 ins. wide). 7 yds. of bias binding ; 1 coat-hanger ; moth-balls ; two press fasteners ; odd scraps of material to make light little bags for the moth-balls.

Method :

Make and fill the little bags first. Run in two strands of cotton for draw-thread, and attaching loop so that you can open them up for refilling when the moth-balls evaporate. Bind both sides of material down the length. Fold sides to middle, with opening at centre-front, width when folded to be 3 ins. wider than coat-hanger (1½ ins. for either side). The sides will overlap. Attach two of the bags to the hanger itself, and pin and then tack in three at either side of wardrobe, inside the fold. Now bind down each side, over the folded portion, taking care to catch in the draw-thread of the bags. Tack the raw edges at the bottom together, with the centre edges overlapping. Tack these together, then bind along the width, taking in all edges. This forms a sort of bag. Now cut a slope along the top, as folded, to shape of coat-hanger. Bind together to within 4 ins. either side of centre of hanger. Now bind round the opening, as if for a neck. Sew in press fasteners to opening, so that the bag fits snugly over the hanger.

CELEBRATION DRESSES: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor
Women's Department

FORTUNATE women have begun to tick off the days on the calendar, for their guys are coming back. Any time now, and the telephone will ring, the familiar step be heard along the passage. Mingling, bitter-sweetly, with the warrior's dream of home, has been the image of his girl in a long frock, perfume behind her ears, eating out in *their* restaurant, dancing to *their* tune. These three long frocks show current trends in celebration dresses. First, a femme fatale affair in black crepe with a funny little side hitch to the skirt, a see-through lace top. (And don't mar this type of dress by the sight of assorted shoulder-straps.) Next, white crepe, cut with an exquisite, follow-through line, and flattered by carefully placed drapes and gathers. Finally, the technicolor gaiety of brilliant hand-blocked linen on royal blue crepe. The skirt, cut all in one piece with its front flouncings, is tightly swathed round the hips, the cross-over bodice takes off if you wish.

1. Marjorie Castle. *2. Marshall and Snelgrove.* *3. Rima. (Further particulars of these clothes on application.)*

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Lake Poet

ROBERT SOUTHEY lived in an age when you could not be a literary man without quarrelling. You wrote a poem about the Lakes, then looked around for some hapless rival to pitch into them. He warned Charlotte Brontë off poetry, saying: "Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be." He wrote of Shelley at his death that his writings "were not bad enough in some respects to do much harm, and far too bad in others," giving honourable mention to the poison they contained. A young apostle of the revolution, he lived to write as a Tory journalist and deplore England's "madness and wickedness" in passing the Reform Bill.

Yet his life was lived for literature. He wrote admirable Lives of Nelson and Wesley, poems, essays, letters, even—as befitted a devoted husband and father—"The Story of The Three Bears." In **"Southey"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Jack Simmons salutes him thus: "There he stands, independent, irritable, generous, tender, kind-hearted, loyal—above all, intensely human. There is not a nobler portrait in our literature." It is a solid, sober study, written from new material, which will please lovers of literary biography. There was much more to those Lake Poets than cooing doves and daffodils.

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

NO man, they say, is a hero to his valet. To his cousin, Mrs. Clare Sheridan—when she sculpted his head at morning bedside sittings at 10 Downing Street—Mr. Winston Churchill was "the Hogarthian figure with cigar and spectacles, patting a hot-water bottle affectionately," and, incidentally, twiddling his toes under the bedclothes to amuse a black Persian to which he seemed devoted. Once, after a General had called, he said: "I'm pulling through much better than Lloyd George in the last war—he found the Generals so recalcitrant—but I get on awfully well with them all." When she asked him "Why are you so hard on India?" and said her only desire was to go there, he replied: "Well, India's in such a state I don't believe you could do any harm if you did go there." Her final word on this wilful cherub, Winnie the Pooh, is that mentally he is "such a giant that all those around him appear as pigmies." Spooks share the honours with celebrities in **"My Crowded Sanctuary"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), an intimate account of five war years at her haunted Sussex home, Brede, the making of her famous wooden Madonna, and the spiritual faiths of a remarkable woman. Her readers will feel that they are guests in a charming home.

WARWICK DEEPING

OUR hostesses in Miss Edith Olivier's **"Four Victorian Ladies of Wiltshire"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) inhabit delightful houses in and around Salisbury; and here, too, the lives and backgrounds are described so intimately that we may regard ourselves as honoured guests. Miss Annie Moberly, daughter of a famous bishop, became head of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and famous for that ghostly experience in the Trianon Gardens of Versailles. Miss Barbara Townsend graced the same house for ninety-seven years. Mrs. Percy Wyndham and Mrs. Alfred Morrison entertained royally but saw more of the world beyond the Close. Beguiled by the author's gentle prose, we feel that it was good to live at such a time in such a place. All the same, I doubt if modern women would envy a life that was often dull, stodgy, and complacent—not after VE Day, anyway!—however much they may love this book as an exquisite period piece.

THERE is nothing period about Miss Sheila Pim's **"Getting Better"** (Faber, 6s.), an up-to-the-minute handbook for convalescents with tips about games, useful hobbies, reading, food, sleep, exercises, nature study, and an inspiring chapter on celebrated people who made a mark in the world despite handicaps of health and injury—Franklin Roosevelt, for instance, with his infantile paralysis. Birrell, I think, wrote of an invalid who read Borrow's *Bible in Spain* and rose up hale and hearty. This book should have a similar tonic effect on all with the stamina to read and digest it!

MR. WARWICK DEEPING is not content merely to write for the tired business man; his novel **"Reprieve"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.) is actually about one, Valentine Brown, hop merchant, who is tired of hard-boiled shirts, bridge, and the kind of home Mr. Osbert Lancaster called "Stockbroker's Tudor." His wife has a face like a pasty pudding; she teeters on inadequate ankles; "her tummy stuck out, as did her chin." His daughter Ursula is a second edition, sallow, glib, bossy, opinionated; his son Tim "a lazy and decorative lad who was always discovering something new in petticoats." When Valentine faints at tennis, and a specialist tells him he has but a few months to live, he resolves to kick over the traces, to the acute displeasure of the pasty pudding and everything she symbolizes. I tremble to think of the T.B.M.s of suburbia who may be inspired to like revolt by this merciless story, which displays the family skeletons lurking under swagger mock-Tudor.

THERE is a skeleton, too, in Miss Ursula Orange's **"Portrait of Adrian"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.)—the real, secret Adrian as distinct from the Galahad his adoring young sister-in-law imagined him to be when she set out to write a Memoir of him after his death and began asking questions of people who knew. An intrigue of the unofficially paternal kind was among the unsuspecting Judith's discoveries. The revelation, which is unfolded with sure narrative skill, leaves us hoping that no hero-worshipping Judith in the family will want to write us up in a similar way. There might be even worse surprises . . .

IT is refreshing to turn to the *New Yorker* humour of a somewhat happier family in Mr. Carlos Bulostan's **"The Laughter of My Father"** (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.). This Falstaff of the Philippines was "a laughing man. He would go into the living-room and stand in front of the tall mirror, stretching (*Continued on page 66*)

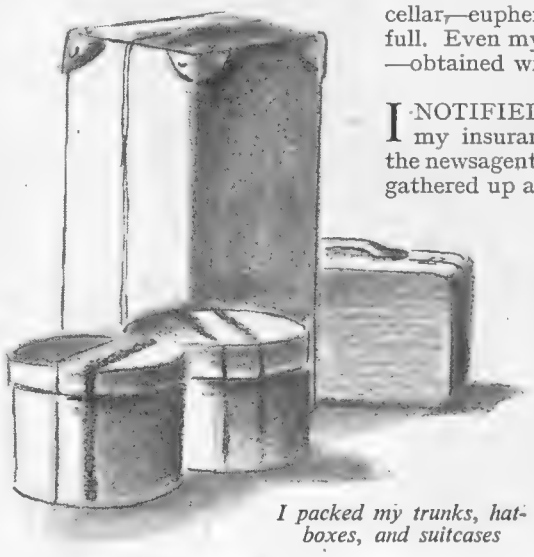
Mrs. Clare Sheridan with two of her Jersey cows

A Move From London To The Country

By Wilma Buckley

THE end of the European war coincided with a personal change-over in my own life; an example of that step from the sublime to the ridiculous, if you like, but then life continues to be made up of trivial details, world-shaking events notwithstanding.

Having been a confirmed Londoner, on and off, for years past, and having stayed continuously in London throughout those long, wartime years, I began to feel that a complete change was imperative, for reasons of health and from the point of view of a general mental shake-up. This is not the moment to go into the long tale of my house-hunting experiences, since that is a separate saga in itself (as any one who has ventured on the same quest will realize only too well!). Suffice it to say that a suitable, even desirable, future home was eventually found, and the necessary plans laid for a removal of all my household goods and possessions—lock, stock and barrel—from London to the West: a major operation, if ever there was one.



I packed my trunks, hat-boxes, and suitcases

Secretly slightly daunted by the doubtful head-shakings and deterrent expressions of friends and acquaintances ("A *move*? In *wartime*?" . . . "Going to the *country*? You won't be able to get *anything* done!"), I scurried about, taking various odds and ends to be repaired and so on. Most of these were eventually returned to me, long after I had left London—in registered parcels—with polite notes from the firms concerned expressing regret that they had not been able to do the work after all. . ...

IT is true that I had to approach several removal houses before I was able to find one free to act for me on the appropriate date, in spite of the fact that I was able to give plenty of notice; but I did, at last, settle the matter successfully with a good firm. And I was able, also, to have my carpets expensively but beautifully cleaned on the spot, just a few days before I was due to move; the very day before VE-Day, it so happened, and therefore a moment of feverish suspense. This saved me the extra trouble of having the carpets taken up and sent away beforehand and all the discomfort of living for weeks in a carpetless flat. Curtains and loose-covers were sent off to be cleaned and took only a fortnight; since blackout regulations had, by then, been lifted, this left me in no difficulty.

CAME VE-Day and subsequent junketings; a slight note of dislocation crept, perforce, into my so admirably prepared timetable. But I utilized some part of these holiday days for packing my clothes and all those irritating odds and ends which accumulate so distressingly in even the tidiest household. Moving personnel is, obviously, not what it was; two men and a boy (or a great-grandfather) now have to do the work where six stalwarts were once available; and though in theory they pack "everything" and leave nothing for the householder to do, it is practical and time-saving to prepare the ground beforehand. I, therefore, packed my trunks, hat-boxes and suitcases, emptying wardrobes and chests-of-drawers; cleared the medicine cupboard, screwing on stoppers firmly, ramming home corks, insulating each bottle from the other by thick wrappings of (carefully hoarded for weeks) newspaper, standing them in wooden boxes and labelling them "Glass. Fragile. Keep this way up." I treated the contents of the kitchen store cupboard in the same manner, also the cellar,—euphemistic term for a few pathetic bottles, far from full. Even my coal, worth its weight in gold, was put into sacks—obtained with great difficulty—ready to be taken along, too.

I NOTIFIED the telephone, gas and electricity companies; my insurance company; the postal authorities; the dairy; the newsagent; sent off a shoal of "change of address" postcards; gathered up all the threads connected with the network of daily life. And so the dawn of moving day arrived and with it the moving men; and gradually the rooms were cleared, even of those cases and cases of books and china and glass, everything proceeding according to plan—and I locked up the denuded flat and caught an evening train to my new home address, headed for the village inn where I had arranged, most conveniently, to spend the night.

The van arrived in the middle of the next morning, with only three men to unload it—but I was fortunate enough to have around me an army of willing helpers from the village. By teatime, everything was out and more or less in place, with the exception of a fine, upstanding Georgian mahogany wardrobe, too upstanding to negotiate the little, curving staircase of the modest Regency house (it was returned ignominiously to London in the empty van, to be sold as redundant). Another dress-cupboard had proved too large for the stairway, but, this being of no pretensions, was summarily sawn in half and put together again upstairs—by the local decorator, who was on the spot and ready to help. I spent a long, tack-strewn evening wrestling (*Continued on page 67*)

I spent a long, tack-strewn evening wrestling with the stair-carpet

Magyar Sleeved Tunic

MATERIALS
6 oz. of 3-ply Sirdar Super Shetland Wool ; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS
To fit a 34-in. bust.

TENSION
15 sts. to 2 ins.

FRONT
With No. 10 needles cast on 101 sts. Work in moss st. as follows :—

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from *, ending k. 1.

Continue in moss st. patt. for 1 in.

Change to the following patt. :—

1st row.—K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

2nd, 4th and 6th rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from *, ending k. 2.

5th row.—K. 3, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5 ; rep from *, ending k. 3.

6th row.—P. These 6 rows form patt. Work in patt. for 2½ ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 135 sts. Work without further shaping until work measures 14 ins from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR SLEEVE (ending on the 5th row of patt.)
Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 153 sts.

SHAPE NECK
Work 68 sts., cast off 17 sts. Work 68 sts.

Work on the last set of 68 sts., casting off 3 sts. at beg. of every neck edge row until 56 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

SHAPE SHOULDER
Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 7 (*Continued on page* 62)

Battle Dress Blouse

MATERIALS
8 oz. of 3-ply Emu Unshrinkable Pure Botany Fingering ; 1 pair of No. 9 and 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles ; 6 buttons ; 2 hooks and eyes ; No. 10 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS
From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; across the back underarms, 17 ins. ; across half front underarms, 10 ins. (with edge) ; sleeve length underarm, 18 ins.

TENSION
7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK
With No. 9 needles cast on 120 sts. K. 2 rows plain knitting Continue in double moss st. patt.

1st and 2nd rows.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd and 4th rows.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

These 4 rows form patt. Continue until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER
Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off the remaining sts. for the back of the neck.

RIGHT FRONT
With No. 9 needles cast on 64 sts. Work as for the back until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next armhole end row, then dec. 1 st. every armhole end row until 50 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK
Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next neck (*Continued on page* 62)

1. The Morning Meal

Sometimes you want something different for breakfast. Here are a few interesting suggestions

2. The Evening Meal

All of these dishes can be prepared in advance and heated up or served cold when required

FRIED POTATO CAKE

1. **BREAKFAST PANCAKES**

Work together 2 oz. of flour, a pinch of salt and 2 oz. of sugar. Beat 2 oz. of margarine, add 2 eggs (shell or powdered), beat together and work in the flour mixture. Beat all together well and pour into small tart tins well greased. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Turn out and while still hot, spread with jam or marmalade and serve as hot as possible.

SAVOURY PANCAKES

Make these in the same way, but without sugar, adding any of the following: chopped parsley and spring onions, grated cheese or a rasher or two of streaky bacon, crisply fried and finely chopped. When the pancakes are cooked and turned out, roll them or fold in two to serve.

FRIED POTATO CAKE

Any left-over boiled potatoes may be used, or potatoes could be boiled in their skins the night before.

Put the frying pan to get hot on a slow fire, then put in a little fat and roll it all over the surface of the pan. Put in the potatoes. Chop them with a knife, adding salt and pepper and a flavouring of chopped fried rasher or some spring onions and parsley (chopped). Chop again and then mash with a fork, forming into a compact cake well away from the sides of the pan. Increase the heat and shake the pan about to keep the cake free, continuing until you see a faint blue smoke arise and hear a sort of rustling noise as you shake. The cake should then be turned. If you are doubtful about tossing it, turn it on to a plate and slip back into the pan the unbrowned side down, and cook this until you have once more the thin blue smoke and the rustling noise.

SPECIAL FISH CAKE

This is made with boiled potatoes and left-over cold fish or tinned fish of the following: salmon, sardines, pilchards, herrings. The fish should be flaked or, if tinned, roughly chopped. Season with salt and pepper and cook like the potato cake.

CROÛTES FRITES

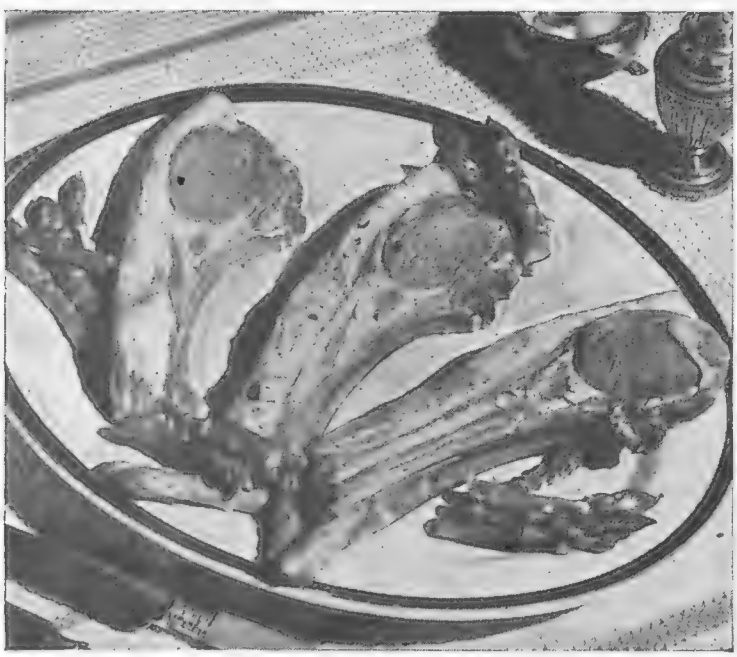
One slice of bread per person with crusts trimmed off. Dip in prepared dried egg in which you have put salt and pepper. Sprinkle each with grated cheese and fry in bacon fat till golden brown.

SPANISH EGGS

Two eggs for each person (fresh or prepared with egg powder) beaten as for omelette. Chop a few spring onions and cook without browning in margarine or bacon fat in a frying pan; pour in the eggs and cook, stirring all the time. When just nearly set, sprinkle the top with finely chopped parsley. Slip a knife under and turn on to dish, brown side up.

QUICK CURRIED HADDOCK

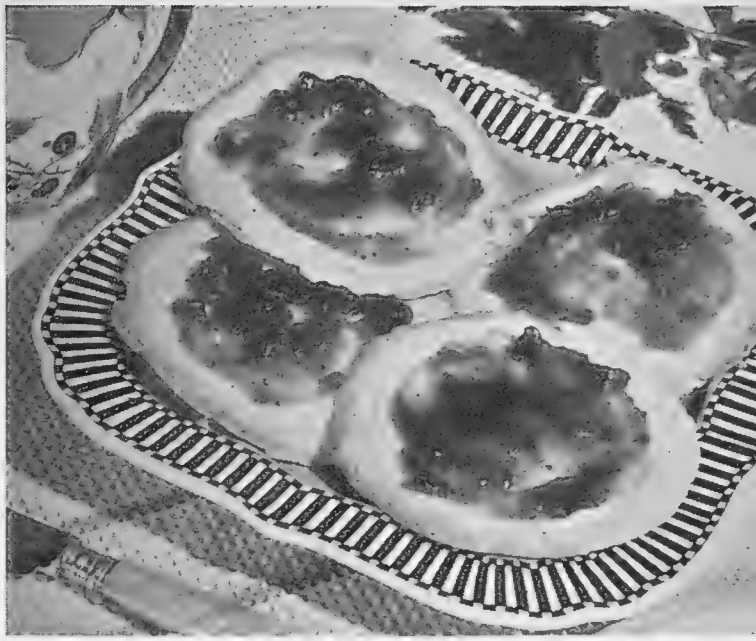
Haddock to be cooked in usual way (or left-over pieces can be used). Flake the fish into a saucepan in which you have melted a little margarine with a good pinch of curry powder per person, letting it cook a little before putting in the fish. Moisten with some hot milk, and add a little chopped parsley.



CUTLETS PRINCESSE

MOUSSE OF SALMON

SPECIAL FISH CAKE



BREAKFAST PANCAKE

2. MOUSSE OF SALMON

Open a tin of salmon and take out all the bones and skin. Mash 1 lb. of boiled potatoes, put into a saucepan and add the salmon, salt and pepper and a little blob of margarine. Make thoroughly hot, stirring and beating over a slow fire. Pass the mixture through a coarse sieve and put this back into the saucepan.

Have ready in another saucepan about ¼ pint of thick white sauce, seasoned well with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Pour the sauce into the other saucepan, mixing and beating all the time. Rinse a mould with cold water, fill it with the mixture and put in the refrigerator or in the coldest possible place to be turned out, when required, on to a flat serving dish. Garnish with little bunches of crisp lettuce and, when available, a few thin slices of cucumber.

STUFFED MARROW

Have a medium-sized vegetable marrow—enough for four or six people. Cook in boiling salted water, letting it just poach until tender. Remove and scoop out all the seeds. Dust the inside with pepper. Brown gently in a little margarine 1 chopped onion or half a dozen spring onions. Add a handful of chopped parsley and a tiny clove of garlic finely chopped, salt, pepper and a pound of sausage meat. Cook together in the frying pan, mixing thoroughly for 5 minutes and stuff the marrow carefully while the mixture is still hot. Put in a cool place and cut in thick slices to serve. If liked, add a dash of curry powder and a few drops of Worcester sauce to the stuffing while it is cooking.

CUTLETS PRINCESSE

Get the weekly meat ration in one whole piece of lamb or cutlets. Remove the top, bone and all, putting all these bits aside for a stew. Salt and pepper the little joint and roast it in the usual way. Meanwhile tie in little bunches some asparagus of the thin type and cook them in boiling salted water. Drain them thoroughly and put in a cold place. To serve, cut the meat into cutlets and arrange on the serving dish, garnished with the asparagus tips. Hand separately a plain dressing of salt and pepper mixed in vinegar with a few drops of liquid paraffin.

ASPARAGUS TART

Cook some thin asparagus in boiling salted water and when done cut off the tips—the rest will make an excellent soup—and drain thoroughly. Put the tips in a saucepan with salt, pepper and a tiny blob of margarine. Add a really thick white sauce and stir well together. You really need only sufficient sauce to bind the tips together.

In the meantime prepare and bake, in a flat tart tin, a tart of flaky pastry. Fill with the asparagus tips, cover with grated cheese and keep until required to serve hot, which you do by placing it in the oven or under the grill.

Robin Adair

ASPARAGUS TART

PICNIC HOT DISH

It is part of the fun of a picnic—in our sort of summer—to make a fire and very great fun to have one hot dish. Here is a suitable one to be carried in a stoppered jar and heated up in a saucepan.

EMINCÉS FLORENTINE

Cut the meat—whatever it is—into small pieces, which you roll in flour. Melt a little dripping in the pan and brown an onion (or spring onions). Put in the meat, salt and pepper and a bunch of thyme, parsley and bay leaf.

Shake over the fire for ten minutes, and add some young greens washed in cold water and roughly chopped. Stir all together and add boiling water just to come level with the other ingredients. Cover the pan tightly and simmer for an hour and a half.

Serve this with potatoes roasted in their skins in the ashes of the camp fire.

Five Minutes a Day...

Amount to little in time, but, in between moments, used to good advantage, they add up significantly to efficiency in the home

Shining mirrors give a gloss and brilliance to any room. Five minutes spent in rubbing over the surface of the mirrors with a soft clean duster sprinkled with a little methylated spirit will impart great lustre with small effort.

Those unsightly heat marks which appear on the polished surface of your cherished furniture can be improved with daily treatment. Five minutes rubbing with linseed oil will darken them in time, until they are almost unnoticeable.

You will never be caught short of any household supplies or of some ingredient for cooking if you devote five minutes a day to a careful check-over of store cupboards and pantry, making notes as you go of needed replenishments.

A few minutes set aside from the regular routine of the day for attending to minor repairs is worth while. This way small breakdowns are dealt with before they become too serious and involve increased expense and labour.

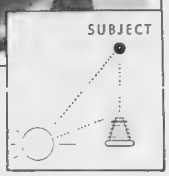
Scouring the silver can be reduced from a weekly to a monthly operation by the simple daily routine of washing spoons and forks in hot soapy water and ammonia. Use piping hot water and dry quickly to produce an easy polish.

Stem the tide of litter which creeps up on the best housewives by giving a few minutes each day to the ruthless disposal of scrap. This keeps litter under constant control, and imparts a restful tidiness all over the house.

Spare a little while each day to thinking up some way of giving charm and variety to your home. A new dish, a cute arrangement for the flowers, a fresh disposal of anything new will do. This is five minutes of sheer fun.

Tea cloths and dusters get dirty and stained and are an effort to get quite clean if they are left for more than a day. Boil them each day for five minutes with a little washing powder and dry outdoors, and they will always be immaculate.

Where should the sun be when you snap?



Try snapping with the sun at your side, as in the diagram, instead of directly behind you. Side lighting gives more natural shadow effects and avoids a flat appearance. Be careful though not to let the sun shine into the lens. • **By the way,** avoid loading your camera in bright sunlight. Good film is very sensitive—careless loading can easily spoil the spool.

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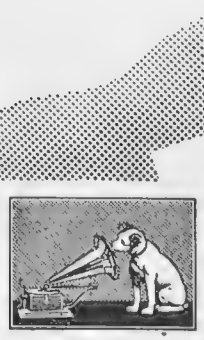

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HERE are a few guiding lines to direct those women who are thinking of heading away from home as soon as possible after the end of the Japanese war.

If you are not a good mixer in your own home town, there is no reason why you should be when you get somewhere else. You will not like all your new neighbours any more than you do your old ones.

If you wilt in the summer, make sure that you do not land in a hot climate. Tasmania, New Zealand, Canada and parts of South Africa may suit you—but sunny Sydney and sub-tropical Brisbane would not make you happy.

If you want to choose something more like England than the wide open spaces of most of the Dominions, New Zealand would suit you; it is leafier, greener and generally more like England.

There will be openings in all the Dominions for white Englishmen and women, but whereas you can get into Australia and New Zealand without a bank account, South Africa wants you to have £100 to show before you get in. Canada likes you to be vouched for by someone living there who will get into touch with the local Emigration Office and ask for your admittance.

In Australia you can take up any type of job until you settle down. But in South Africa there are three million natives who do the unskilled work, and must be kept in employment, so white people cannot work at the unskilled jobs.

In most of the Dominions, Canada excluded, your main wardrobe will be for warm weather, with a small but good selection for the fewer winter months.

Whereas in England you get most of the year reasonably cool, with perhaps two bitterly cold, and two rather hot months, in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa you will get the majority of the months fairly warm, with two cold and two very hot months.

You will find that wages are about the same as here, pensions are higher, education cheaper. Your standard of living will be higher even if your wages are the same.

Your success will depend on yourself, not on your forebears, but if they find out that your uncle is a duke your stocks will go up—if you take trouble to tell them he is, your stocks will go down.

Jobs are varying. If you are quick to learn, adaptable, and intelligent you can go to Australia and New Zealand in the true pioneer spirit to make your way as best you can. But you cannot do hack, make-shift jobs in South Africa. You must, if possible, be specialized.

If you have certain qualifications, you can write, later, to the Society of Overseas Settlement of British Women, 3 Sanctuary Building, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, and you may be able to contact a position overseas before you set sail—there are nearly always openings for women who have had special training in Great Britain, from physical culture teachers to art teachers and language experts.

In South Africa, all teachers must have the two languages, Afrikaans and English, in the Government schools, but there are private schools which do not have this ruling.

Secretarial work is general, as it is here, and the standard is high. Other specialized jobs are governed by the size of the population of the place you choose.

You will have keen competition from the local lasses who know their country, its habits, ways and likings, but undoubtedly a good reference from Great Britain will be a big boost. **S. P.**

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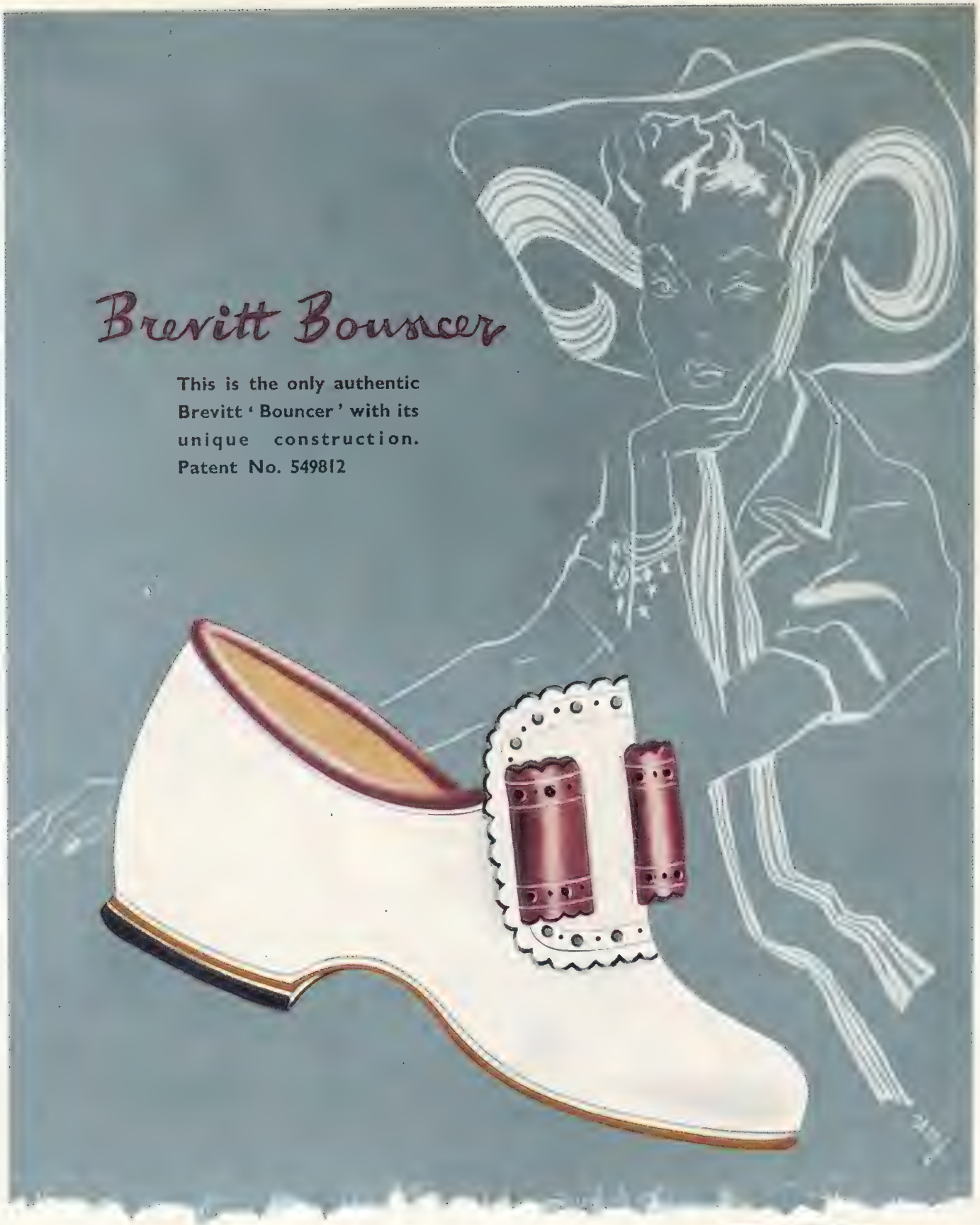

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Problem Boy Makes Good

IF, in the past, your child had the measles or an attack of earache, you sent for the doctor. If, in fact, he developed any of the common or not-so-common symptoms of ill health, there was something you could do about it.

But what if it happened that your child developed symptoms of some equally commonplace mental or emotional upset? What could you do? Nothing, except to take disciplinary measures which were more likely to inflame than to alleviate the condition.

In short, you could get treatment for nearly every physical ailment. But if the symptoms took, for instance, the form of unreasoning and ungovernable outbursts of temper; if, for all your careful discipline and example, your child proved to have a talent for theft and an apparently incurable habit of lying you were alone, baffled and unaided.

In the past, these sicknesses of the mind have caused incalculable anxiety to parents and the same degree of misery and misunderstanding for the young sufferers themselves.

Problem children appear in the most normal and healthy broods, and to all but the modern doctor of the mind, there is no more accounting for it than there is for one born with a physical deformity.

But that is all changed. Medical psychology has probed the source of many such infirmities and is performing miracles of healing as medicine has done in the sphere of physical disablement.

Mental and emotional disturbances which result in "behaviour difficulties" are almost commonplace and not to be confused with those forms of mental incapacity which we associate with insanity.

With the development of psychiatry, clinics have been established. At these centres, younger and older children struggling with difficult and sometimes alarming emotional developments are wisely, gently, but very surely guided by experts through the shoals into the shallows of adult stability.

These young patients are not mental cases, they are not always delinquents in the more serious sense of the term. In many cases they are no more abnormal than children one might find in any doctor's consulting room with ailments of a purely physical character. They are suffering forms of emotional disturbance which can be righted under treatment, but which, without assistance, may develop into some serious and permanent defect of character.

Obviously you do not rush your child off to a psychiatrist because he answers you back or refuses to wash behind his ears. Half the so-called naughty children of this life are manifesting healthy symptoms of development or providing examples of parental ineptitude. But the child with behaviour difficulties which fail to respond to sympathetic and consistent discipline is another matter.

Children of average and sometimes of more than average intelligence are found among the psychiatrist's patients. Their "symptoms," whether they may be aggressiveness, lying and pilfering, sex difficulties or merely bed-wetting among many others, frequently give no obvious clue to the nature of their problems.

Sometimes cases emanate from happy homes, sometimes not, but in every case, the aim of the psychiatrist is to discover the deeply rooted cause of the disturbance and to provide a sense of personal security and control which is the strongest corrective to anti-social behaviour.

'In the present state of medical knowledge..."

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Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

our hero made him celebrate his marriage with Sophonisba without delay.

But things were not so smooth as he imagined. Scipio, the leader of the Roman army, knew too well the enmity that Sophonisba had for the Romans. The defection of Syphax from the Roman cause was entirely due to the influence of her beauty and irresistible charm, and he was convinced that she would be able to alienate Masinissa exactly as she had done with Syphax.

Scipio would gladly take any chance against an army, but not against a woman. He refused bluntly to ratify the marriage.

Masinissa took this decision very tragically, and did not leave any stone unturned to make Scipio change his mind. By that time, however, Numidia and Carthage were firmly in the hands of the Romans, so Masinissa dismissed any idea of going against Scipio.

He tried every form of persuasion, without knowing that his insistence made Scipio more and more immovable, until Masinissa was nailed down with the peremptory order to deliver up Sophonisba. He was told that she was nothing more than an article in the inventory of the spoils, and that she belonged to Rome.

Masinissa was a strong man, but Scipio was the personification of inflexibility, and he cut short any further argument.

In his mind's eye Masinissa saw the triumphant procession in Rome. Scipio on the chariot with the Golden Victory holding the wreath of laurels on his head. The booty exhibited on hundreds of carts, and the procession of the prisoners in chains. He saw his beloved Sophonisba covered with jewels so as to emphasize the humiliation of walking through the streets at the head of those wretches. He heard the cruel shouting of thousands and thousands of spectators.

A cold shiver ran down his spine, and he determined that no one should humiliate Sophonisba, not even Scipio.

A little while afterwards a messenger was sent to Sophonisba with a phial and a cup. Masinissa could hardly speak, when he gave the messenger his instructions, "as soon as she has drunk it bring the empty cup back to me." And he was left motionless while on his expressionless face tears were running down without ceasing.

Sophonisba did not put many questions to the messenger; she poured the liquid into the cup and whispered a few words that made him cover his eyes. He knelt down and kissed the edge of her garment, while she said: "Tell Masinissa that my last kiss to him is on the rim of this cup," and without hesitation she drank to the last drop.

When the messenger found the strength to rise and pick up the cup, Sophonisba had already been taken away.

Some time later he appeared under the tent of Masinissa, the Numidian king, who was still clinging to the hope that a miracle would save Sophonisba.

The messenger did not have the courage to look at his master's face, he merely proffered the empty cup.

It was only then that an inward pain in his breast freed all the sobs that, until that moment, he had so painfully suppressed.

END

Great Men In Their Leisure Hours

(*Continued from page 20*)

its pages. Although neither a writer nor an artist by profession, Winston left a book which is distinguished as much for its literary worth as for its deep knowledge of ancient glass, whilst hundreds of his water-colour drawings—now kept in the British Museum—testify, in a unique manner, to the "off-duty" hours of an untaught artist.

WILLIAM BARNES, the Dorset schoolmaster-parson, who started life as a solicitor's clerk, was a most lovable man. Yet to-day we recall little of either the pedagogue or the parson, remembering only the writer of those "Hwomely" rhymes which, in rich Dorset dialect, record country life as Barnes knew it nearly a century ago. Certain poets used dialect because they knew no other tongue. Barnes, on the other hand, was a highly educated man and wove his poems in this rich brogue because he knew and loved his native idiom. As the B.B.C. gradually dragoons us into a standard form of speech these charming poems will become more and more cherished. Yet, as his daughter remarks (in the biography of her father), "His most earnest studies and greatest aims were in philology." But who to-day reads, or for that matter has even heard of, *Tiw: or a View of the Roots and Stems of English as a Teutonic Tongue*. The poet's simpler words, on the other hand, as expressed in *Linden Lea*, *The Vâices that be Gone* or *The Milk-maid o' the Farm* will live for all time.

RUGBY has already been mentioned in connection with Thomas Hughes. Many old boys of that famous school, however, will recall the familiar figure of Thomas Holbeche Bloxham, who—himself a Rugby boy (it is often said he was the original of "East" in *Tom Brown*) later practised as a solicitor in that town. His connection with the school persisted throughout his long life, whilst his gifts to the school museum and library were both numerous and valuable. What legal fame he acquired is hard to assess, since—even in the town of his birth—it is already forgotten, but to mention *Bloxham's Gothic Architecture* in almost any part of the world will at once excite appreciative comment. In solid worth it stands besides the works of Parker, Rickman and other great nineteenth-century architects. To suggest to the keen student, however, that this treatise was not the work of a trained architect, but simply the leisure-hour employment of a country solicitor, will evoke an expression of frank disbelief. Yet the facts are incontrovertible.

CIVIL Servants have never been particularly popular and there is no reason to believe that Anthony Trollope, in his career as a Post Office surveyor was greatly esteemed, although he appears to have been a capable official. Travelling, however, at least trained his powers of observation, the results of which were poured out in a remarkable spate of novels, of which six—those known as the "Barsetshire" series—have now become part of our national literature. Trollope could not have been loved by his fellow writers for he "de-bunked" the idea of inspiration, proving that by sitting down to a daily task of so many words and rising when the set number had been completed, a novel came to life as easily as by cold towels and lashings of wakeful coffee. His characters created much contemporary argument and indeed, at one time the London clubs were more concerned with the fate of Mrs. Proudie, before Trollope (who published in serial form) had decided how to finish her off, than by any major political issue of the day. Who now, however, remembers the Post Office surveyor? And who can forget such characters as Mrs. Proudie, Archdeacon Grantly or the Rev. Septimus Harding?

IT is perhaps more rarely that the artisan achieves immortality in some craft unconnected with his daily occupation, but William Fowler was a remarkable exception. Born at Winterton, in Lincolnshire, in 1761, he early followed his father's trade of carpenter, later becoming a master builder. However, whilst still a young man, he acquired a taste for antiquarian pursuits and soon became an expert draughtsman. His studies of mosaic pavements, ancient brasses and—more particularly perhaps—those of medieval glass, soon (*Continued on page 54*)

To soothe or celebrate, to enliven the dull moment, to cheer the tedious hour; this is the job a cigarette does so well . . and *none* so well as "Player's".

Player's Please

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since I opened a banking account. It helps me to budget wisely and save regularly. I don't worry so much about losing receipts as I can always check payments by my bank statement. I understand far more about financial matters now . . . a bank helps you a lot with them.

I've certainly got more money sense since I opened a banking account. Why don't you see the local Manager about it?

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You've been very patient

says OLD HETHERS

I know you've missed my *bottled* Robinson's Lemon Barley Water, for many have written to tell me so. It's true that it will return with peace, which, we all hope, is not far away, but in the meantime, I suggest that you make your barley water at home, from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley packed in tins.

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

'Patent' BARLEY

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attracted attention. Originally issued (by himself) as separate drawings, they were later published in volume form and a few years ago his *Mosaic Pavements, etc.*, was listed at £60! To-day the price is not so high, but the work is still very highly esteemed. Considering too, that not only did Fowler both draw and colour his subjects, but—being dissatisfied with the subsequent engraving of his efforts—he later undertook that task also, with a result not surpassed by any professional engraver. Fowler, the Lincolnshire carpenter-builder, has long since been forgotten, but all standard bibliographies of art devote considerable space to his artistic achievements.

At first sight it might perhaps be argued that such odd transitions from one employment to another quite different in character suggests that the wrong career had been chosen in the first place. This, however, it is thought is not the correct view. Rather is it to be found in the fact that almost every Englishman rides his own particular hobby-horse, which, commenced perhaps as a welcome relief from humdrum daily tasks, gradually becomes a major pre-occupation. Since hobbies too, are usually ridden hard, it is not surprising that an expert often emerges from such spare-time labours. Indeed, the tale of such leisure-hour productions ranks very large in the history of national achievement.

END

The Woman In White

(*Continued from page* 12)

now began to exert a powerful influence on his mind. The lambent play of precious stones under the light was interwoven with Mrs. Maitland's memorable smile and the ailing man on the bunk in the chart-room until it became fatal to his peace. What would become of that stuff when the man was dead? Captain Pretty would no doubt lodge the bag at the company's head office. And if he, Mr. Craufuird, were captain? In a fever of desperation he gripped the window-frame, clenched his teeth. The door of that future which had seemed bolted against him was ajar; his dearest wish was all but granted; the tale of years ahead was suddenly quick with the happiness of a landsman's life lived in company with the woman of his heart.

And, behind it all, despair, the knowledge that it could never be.

He was aware all at once that he could not see even the deck below; the stars and the moon had disappeared behind a curtain of blackness, profound, final, and in tune with the chief mate's mood. And it was hot as the bottom of a coal mine. Mr. Craufuird stepped into the chart-house, noted that the glass had fallen another two degrees, turned to examine the castaway, and was startled to receive a dazed glance from two sunken eyes. He gave a violent shake to the man's arm as the eyes closed again.

"Can you eat anything?" Mr. Craufuird raised his voice. "Hey!"

No answer. He switched off the light and closed the door. At that moment the *Borneo Prince* gave a violent lurch to port as the typhoon struck her.

Mr. Craufuird, holding on to the edge of the chart-table, opened the log-book to record the time and strength of the onslaught, and was faced with Captain Pretty's copybook hand. The captain's fountain-pen was fitted with an ultra-thick nib—no one could mistake the solidity of his characters.

"Castaway picked up at twelve forty-five a.m.," read the chief mate. "Male, unconscious, pulse very slow and weak, brandy given but without reaction. Nothing on person which might establish identity. Signed, J. G. Pretty, Master."

Underneath, the chief mate wrote: "Struck typhoon one-thirty a.m. Estimated wind speed eight-ninety miles per hour. Ship rolling forty degrees. Unable to estimate seas as pitch-black, but they must be bigger than anything yet seen in this ocean."

Yes, decidedly bigger. Massive, monstrous, terrific—he tried to find words to describe what he couldn't see, and failed. Jammed between the engine-room telegraph and the binnacle Mr. Craufuird found it difficult to think of anything but immediate dangers, and for a time he contemplated exclusively the possibility of the ship rolling her funnel under and giving up the ghost.

After an hour had passed he felt reassured. Remembering suddenly the castaway on the bunk in the chart-room he opened the door, was catapulted as it crashed behind him against the opposite bulkhead, splayed his legs and hung on to the brass handle of the port as he gazed on the haggard and impassive face. The pulse was the same; if this scarecrow showed no disposition to live, he was yet protected against death by a heart which functioned with the steady magic of the incorruptible. Mr. Craufuird reached out a hand for the brandy bottle, drew the cork, hesitated. It was, he decided, a waste of good stuff to give this bird anything. Elevating the bottle, he drank deeply, closed the door.

And so, at last, came Mr. Swale, his relief. Nothing, it seemed, could break the habit of a lifetime. Mr. Swale had been a lifelong hummer, and, as usual, he climbed the bridge ladder droning a hymn tune. He said:—

"She rolls like a cow with the colic. Never saw such a ship. Skipper been up?"

No, the skipper hadn't been up. "We can do without him," muttered the chief mate, "when we're busy. Course west by south. And you might give an eye now and again to that fellow in the chart-room. Not that you'll get much change out of him."

Mr. Craufuird reached the bottom of the ladder with a rush, grabbed for the handrail on the superstructure, and hung on, waiting for the crash of the big sea which he knew was coming. About what happened next he was never very clear in his mind. The sea came aboard with a rush and a roar. A split second before that enormous cataract fell upon the deck the glass door of the vestibule opened to let out Captain Pretty. In the dim light of half-dawn Mr. Craufuird saw him caught up, carried away on the rushing flood to fetch up heavily against the door of the firemen's bathroom.

Disappointment struck at the chief mate like a physical blow. By a hairsbreadth only had the captain missed going overboard. For a moment or two the captain lay where he had fallen. And then, in the gathering light, he was seen to rise with difficulty.

All this had taken place in a matter of seconds. In the growing light Mr. Craufuird was able to assess the true state of the weather; the gigantic seas alone would have stupefied him at any other time. But now, the slave of a fatal and terrible idea, he scuttled, crouching, across the reeling deck towards that staggering figure. Captain Pretty was lifted off his feet by one crushing blow. In the next moment the chief mate hoisted him high and threw him over the side.

He turned from this work to throw a furtive glance for'ard and aft. Not a soul in sight. Captain presumed lost overboard—in this weather what could be more likely? It was as simple as that. No qualms of conscience, no regrets; the score with Captain Pretty had been heavy, and now it was settled.

And now what? His thoughts flew to Mrs. Maitland, to the unfortunate man in the chart-room, to the vital contents of that pigskin bag. Easy, easy. All was made plain. For the first time in his life the dice were rolling his way. And this, by Jupiter, was his last trip! In spirit, Mr. Craufuird ran with outstretched arms to greet his bride as a shock of happiness turned within him. But this was followed by a very different kind of shock. As he approached the vestibule door he became aware of a face, staring out.

It was young Machen. How much had he seen? Anything? All? For one ghastly moment the wretched man fought an impulse to turn tail and run. And then, steadying himself, (*Continued on page* 56)

Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN
"Just get this in your dear old bean!"

Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
"My geography was always weak!"

Mr. Frean can hardly believe that he's been temporarily banished from the North. But as Mr. Peek says, it's all for the best, as this zoning scheme saves transport and helps to win the war. There are limited supplies of Vita-Weat in the South of England and Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean hope that you will get some from time to time to help keep you fit and cheerful.

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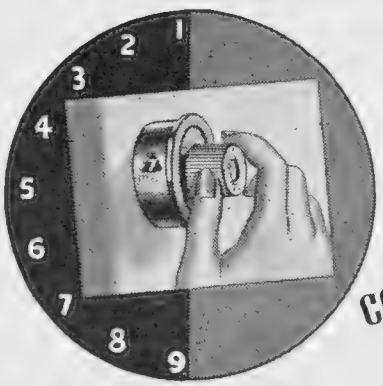

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THE SPRING GRIP THAT CAN'T SLIP

he pushed open the door and passed through.

"Captain in his cabin?" Mr. Craufuird looked dreadful, and he was breathing heavily.

Young Machen was taken aback by this question. But a minute before he had seen, from a distance, Captain Pretty go out of this very door. He himself had arrived there in time to see the chief mate leaving the rail.

"No, sir. He just came out of this door. You must have passed him on his way to the bridge."

That was enough to snap the bonds of Mr. Craufuird's control. His hand shot out and grasped young Machen's collar. If ever a man looked guilty, then that mark was on the chief mate's face.

"By God, you young pup! What do you mean by that?" Too late, he realized his mistake, dropped his hand. "Don't take any notice of me," he muttered. "Half stewed. Understand?"

Mr. Craufuird went to his cabin, mixed a stiff whisky to pull himself together, and sat down to await that knock on his door which he knew must presently come. It came within the half-hour. Young Machen faced him again.

"It's about the captain, sir."

The chief mate framed his reply with care. "What does he want?"

"He's missing."

"Missing!" Mr. Craufuird arose. "Have you searched the ship?"

"No sir, but——"

"But nothing. How the hell do you know he's missing if you haven't made a search? Take a hand with you and search for'ard of the saloon bulkhead. I'll search aft."

In twenty minutes they met again.

"No luck?"

"No sir."

"Tried everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

Mr. Craufuird lowered his head. "He must have gone overboard. With these big seas running—yes. Poor devil." He suddenly straightened up. "Very well. I'll go up and log it. Haven't you got the forenoon watch? You'd better get some sleep."

The news was grave enough to put a stop to Mr. Swale's humming.

"Lost! That's tough. I'm not saying he was one of my favourites, but nobody would wish a sad end like that on a man. Lost. And him only twenty-eight." Mr. Swale shook his head. The chief mate, bending over the log-book, watched the deposition grow laboriously under his hand. "Very heavy seas running . . . thorough search . . . must be presumed lost."

"I'd better wireless the owners," he said.

"Aye," nodded Mr. Swale. "It'll be a blow. They thought there was nobody like him. And by the way, yon invalid's perking up. Not a lot, but there's life in him."

The castaway opened his eyes as Mr. Craufuird stepped inside the chart-room. Mr. Swale had been busy with the brandy bottle, and he now asked weakly, in a voice barely audible, for water. The wind howled, every now and then heavy seas fetched up against the bridge with tremendous power. The chart-room vibrated; inkwell and parallel rulers danced on the table, strained fixtures creaked and groaned. The chief mate bent an ear and said loudly: "Speak up."

Bit by bit his story came out. As to time, he was hazy; he had lost count of the days; it might have been two or three weeks ago since he found himself adrift in the China Sea. He was, he said, Russian. Perhaps Mr. Craufuird knew the firm of Cherniski in Aden, fine jewels and objets d'art?

"I am sole owner," he said. "I had been to Sarawak to make a deal, very big deal."

Suddenly, Mr. Cherniski was anxious. "Tell me, did you find——"

"A bag? Yes. It was open. Some of the contents were scattered in the boat. It was very rough, you understand, and dark. There may be something missing. I don't know. The captain locked them up in that drawer. And now the captain is dead. If it is necessary I will break the drawer open. But first, I will see if I can find a key."

Mr. Cherniski stared. "The captain is dead?"

"Lost overboard."

The Woman In White

"Ah! The sea. The sea is very cruel. My ship was blown up. At one moment we sail pleasantly along. At another——"

A mournful head wagging from side to side, two hands outstretched in a fluttering gesture. Mr. Craufuird was suddenly purposeful. He said:—

"I'm going to get you down to my cabin. More comfortable there."

"You saved my life," said the survivor. "Compared with that, what is money? I am very rich man. I shall ask permission to make you a present."

A present. The chief mate got rid of his distaste for Mr. Cherniski. Moreover, he felt relieved.

He could now go to Mrs. Maitland with less risk of complications. Bending down, he lifted Cherniski in his arms.

"Hold tight round my neck," he advised. "You'll be all right."

IN five minutes he was prising at the lock of the chart-room drawer with a screwdriver. The biggest piece in the case was a diamond collar. He was wise enough not to take this; instead he selected a magnificent solitaire diamond ring, and a brooch in which the arrangement of rubies round a considerable emerald looked expensively splendid. Limited as was his knowledge of precious stones, he knew this to be important.

"Yes," said Mr. Cherniski, when the chief mate returned, "there is something missing. But what is that? I begin to feel myself living. And I have gratitude. You will please accept this?"

A necklace, alternately strung with rubies and diamonds. It was exciting; it had suddenly reversed the situation completely for Mr. Craufuird—this, and the convenience arising out of his position as ship's master, had pitchforked him into a new life. He arose, groped in the chest of drawers for the bottle.

"We must have a drink. I appreciate this. Very good of you. I'm no judge, I don't know how much it's worth, but——"

"You would sell that anywhere," put in the dealer, "for ten thousand pounds."

Aft along the alleyway to the third engineer's cabin. Mrs. Maitland, pale, attired in a dressing-gown, greeted him with a wan smile.

"It's uncomfortable," she admitted, "but I haven't been sick—yet."

Perfume, the morning-smell of cosmetics, scented soap. The chief mate could feel happiness scampering about within him. With a low chuckle he took both her hands in his, kissed them.

"Listen. I've got news for you—mixed news. Captain Pretty is lost. He went overboard last night. I won't pretend to be sorry. Still, it was bad luck for him. And the other—look."

She gave an exclamation as the necklace flashed in his hand.

"Wherever——"

"We picked up a castaway, a Mr. Cherniski—he's Cherniski the jeweller, of Aden. Sara—do you know how much it's worth? There's a house, comfort, fine clothes, a car, trips to Newmarket, Monte Carlo. And that isn't all. I've got something for you, something splendid, valuable. What do you say?"

The opportunist, ever-present in Sara Maitland, lived in her slow smile, in her welcoming arms. She laughed softly.

"You're rough," she playfully accused. "You're a great bear. And what have you got for me?"

"That's a secret. It's a wedding present. All I'll tell you is that it's magnificent."

At midday the wind dropped, the seas gradually abated, and the *Borneo Prince* swam once more on an even keel. It was two o'clock in the afternoon watch when Mr. Swale first noticed the albatross. With a leisurely beating of its powerful wings it took up a position just abaft the mainmast, and there it remained.

An hour later it was still there. At four o'clock it had not (*Continued on page 58*)

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How to prepare bone and vegetable broth

when you can't get
Brand's Baby Foods

No. 4 of a Series

1 Take one pound of veal or beef bones, well broken up. Cover with a pint and a half of water and add one teaspoonful of vinegar, but no salt. Simmer for 4 or 5 hours in a saucepan.

2 Clean a handful of mixed vegetables (carrots, beet, parsley, and green vegetables), cut up small, add to broth, and simmer for another hour. Then strain. Make up broth to one pint with water.

3 Doctors are generally agreed that the feeding of strained vegetables and broth should not be delayed beyond the baby's fifth month. Start by giving one or two tablespoonfuls at the two o'clock feed.

Busy mothers will find the above recipe useful when they can't get Brand's Bone and Vegetable Broth. But when you do see it, don't miss your chance to buy it, because Brand's Bone and Vegetable Broth contains important mineral salts (calcium — 38 mgs., and phosphorus — 28 mgs., per ounce) needed to develop strong bones and sound teeth.

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BRAND'S BABY FOODS Strained Carrots, Spinach, Prunes, also Bone and Vegetable Broth, 7½d. a bottle.
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Brand's Essence of Chicken

is always nice

HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

moved. Flying easily in the light airs it maintained its station with the precision of a kite at the end of a cable.

At five o'clock it had become a topic. The men came out of the fo'c'sle and craned their necks. The behaviour of the albatross was curious; never before had they known one stick to a ship with just this tenacity. And soon the age-old superstition of the seaman awoke to trouble them. They began to talk.

By and by some rumours from the fo'c'sle reached the ears of Mr. Swale. It was seven o'clock now, and at five minutes past the hour, Mr. Craufuird stepped on to the bridge. Mr. Swale said, by way of making conversation:—

"Rum thing, superstition. The fo'c'sle is buzzing like a beehive. That bird up there. A dead man come to life, apparently. Did you ever hear such stuff? The soul of Captain Pretty turned into a bird to finish his last voyage. Poetic sort of idea, isn't it?"

Receiving no reply Mr. Swale turned to look at his superior. What he saw gave him a shock. Mr. Craufuird looked grey and ghastly. And a fiend looked out of each eye.

"Do you think I've got nothing better to do than listen to that sort of tripe? By God, Swale——"

Mr. Craufuird took a pace forward. Swale, alarmed by his appearance, hastily stepped back.

"There's no need to fly off the handle. I only put it to you as a——"

"To me! You put such tommyrot to me. What the hell do you take me for—a simpleton?"

Abashed, Mr. Swale muttered that he was sorry. "I'd no idea you were so touchy. I won't refer to it again."

But the chief mate wasn't listening. Gripping the top of the bridge ladder he was staring aft at that bird. A good many others in that ship were staring aft, too, and as they watched, the albatross planed slowly down, hovered for a moment with elevated wings, and settled on the truck of the mainmast. And out of the comparative silence there now ascended the voice of Patrick Dolan, an Irish member of the crew.

"There ye are! Phwat was I tellin' ye? The bird's possessed, bedad. It's a dead sailor that's in him. Captain Pretty's come back to look afther his ship."

It was dusk when Mr. Craufuird emerged from the captain's cabin. In a flushed face his eyes burned with one idea, and one only. Young Machen, on his way to the bridge, pulled up dead in his tracks with a fascinated

stare for the shot-gun which the chief mate carried. Captain Pretty had been wont to pass the time at sea by shooting at clay pigeons.

Mr. Craufuird never gave him a glance. With the exaggerated care of the drunken he pushed open the vestibule door, splayed his legs, raised his face to the sky.

High on the mainmast sat the albatross, a shadowy sentinel in the shadowed night. The chief mate raised his gun, took careful aim, pulled the trigger. In the fo'c'sle there was a moment of stunned pause before the men came tumbling out. Aft on the boat deck they heard a demented shout, a screeching, the thresh of flailing wings as the man closed in on the wounded bird.

The bird was strong—almost as strong as a man—or a ghost? Mr. Craufuird, ridding himself for ever of the mess of blood and feathers, uttered a savage laugh. The man who killed the albatross—let them chew *that* over in the fo'c'sle.

It was nearing midnight when he softly closed the door of Mrs. Maitland's cabin and walked along the alleyway to his own. Far astern floated the empty bottle; his attempt to drink himself into lightheartedness had been vain. He had opened another bottle when there came a knock on his door. Young Machen stood there. He said :—

"Captain Pretty would like to see you, sir."

The bottle fell from his hand. He gave a gasp. A choked whisper came out of him.

"What did you say?"

"Captain Pretty——"

So far did young Machen get when the chief mate sprang. "It's a lie! I killed him!" He aimed a wild blow, missed, staggered, made a snatch for the bottle on the floor. "I killed him, I say! And by God, I'll kill you!"

Three men closed in on Mr. Craufuird. He fought like a tiger. Inevitably, he was borne down.

AND so the *Borneo Prince* came to Aden. Mr. Cherniski, fully recovered, paused at the bottom of the gangway to give Sara Maitland his hand. The chauffeur of the luxurious limousine made haste to open the door. Mr. Craufuird, showing a haggard face through the porthole of his prison, saw for the last time that half-shy smile of hers turned upon the man of wealth.

"I always knew," she murmured, "you were my friend."

END

The Man At The Door

(*Continued from page 28*)

you for that fiver," he said carelessly.

"What fiver's that?" I smiled.

"Do you remember, some weeks ago, we were discussing eminent men's stand-ins who impersonate them on public platforms and other places?"

I nodded. "And I said that no one familiar with the eminent person or with the stand-in would be deceived."

"Quite. And when I declared I could disguise myself so that you would not recognize me in broad daylight you laughed at me."

I nodded again. "And I bet you a fiver on it."

"And then promptly forgot all about the matter."

I laughed. "I had till you reminded me."

He laughed too. "Then perhaps you'll pay up," he said.

"Why?"

"You had a visitor this afternoon."

"That's so."

"Who tried to sell you brushes and then fainted into your arms."

"By George!" I exclaimed, "did he try the same caper with you? The artful scamp. Of all——"

"Not a bit of it. I'm simply telling you what happened. Afterwards you took him into your studio, gave him whisky and cigarettes, and he told you some stories." He grinned. "Very tall stories, I might add."

"How the devil——" I exclaimed and then broke off. And then: "Are you trying to pretend you were the fellow?"

"No pretence about it; I was."

"Bosh."

"Did you miss a tube of cobalt after your visitor had gone?"

"Yes. I spent ten minutes looking for it and cursing."

"You'd left it on your easel?"

"So I thought."

"Is this it?"

I stared. I took the half squeezed-out tube; there was no mistaking it.

"Yes," I said.

He grinned. "I took it while you were so nobly tilting the decanter. Hand over that fiver."

"You dog!" I said, feeling for my wallet; "be damned if I didn't half believe your yarns."

"Half believe! You swallowed them whole. Admit it."

I laughed and nodded.

"Of course," he said; "the professional touch; I'm not a romantic novelist for nothing."

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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★ *Make-up Base - 6/6.* *Complexion Powder - 4/-.* *Hand Cream - 5/3.*
Lipstick 4/2, refills - 2/6 *Sorry, no post orders!*

33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON

Who wouldn't feel down in the dumps ? It's pretty disheartening to discover you've chosen a fabric that goes into rag-bag creases. Particularly when shops all over the country are stocking those miracles of science—' Tebilized ' brand crease-resisting fabrics !

They drape beautifully, do away with shrinkage risk and don't go limp after washing. Wrinkles simply drop out of these new rayons like magic, just as they do from wool.

The scientists who found out how to make all these improvements set a very high standard of crease-resistance. Only fabrics which they approve are *allowed* to be branded ' Tebilized.' Remember that when you must have a new frock !

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'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS' ASSOCIATION, 2, COOPER STREET, MANCHESTER, 2

All Work And No Play?

(*Continued from page* 13)

monster power-dams to provide electric power. I'd rather have the rivers running free, with the fish in them. It's just damned nonsense to try and tell me that if you dam the Yangste River you are going to make 400,000,000 Chinamen fat, happy, and prosperous. What you are going to do, if you ruin that river too (and I might say that such a monstrous project is at this minute under consideration) is make about twenty American financiers so overwhelmingly rich that they won't know what to do with their money —except to snaffle more Chinese into factories where, with cheap labour, they will probably put more Manchester cotton mills out of business.

I am not the only person who is frank to admit that he is simply terrified by the thoughts of what our up-and-at-'em planners, the go-getter boys, are now proposing to do to this world. *Their* mutton-headed idea of the post-war happy life! And neither do I believe that the only road to happiness, for the people of Great Britain after this war, is to double British exports, which is now the plan.

Who is going to *buy* all those goods? What people in this ruined world have such purchasing power? I say *buy*, mind you. I didn't speak of soul-staggering, astronomical book-keeping tricks of international finance juggling. Such as a camouflaged world-wide Lend-Lease. And—as that is the only way such an increase of steady exports could really be shifted from Britain to some other country—I think it is a pretty dim outlook for the Britons if their future happiness is to depend upon such a grotesque make-believe as that.

Just think it over for a moment, the sheer idiocy of this whole business. Here we are, after the most terrible war this world has ever known—deliberately selling ourselves to machinery again. It's incredible. Since the idea struck me to write this article I have been deliberately reading British and American magazines—and especially the advertisements!—to see if I could find in them one solitary glimmer of there being any other way of planning a better and more liveable post-war world than by the frenzied finance and hysterical manufacturing effort pictured above.

Not a sign of it. American magazines, to be specific about one aspect, are packed with gaudy advertisements now about the undreamt-of benefits conferred on man by the Yanks' terrific advance in *plastics*. Why, with just one operation, you can press the whole half-side of an aeroplane out of peanuts, or milk, or the soya bean! Just think of that. Chairs, tables, houses, cars—yes, all our personal possessions—all the things which once gave skilled craftsmen such a keen enjoyment in making. We don't have to bother about such enjoyments now. (And we don't have to bother to look for skilled men, say the gleeful factory owners: "We can just pick up any dud who knows how to press a button!") And there you are. Stripped of some more of the most important things a man requires to live by—happiness, solid satisfaction in his skill at work.

I know that this article must begin to read like ranting. But you get that way, after you contemplate the prospect of what other people would like to do to us. And who is "Us," by the way?

Well, as I take it, it means pretty nearly everybody. That is the incredible part of this business. Because even the people who designed and thought of those frightening advertisements—as well as the men with the money who will own and operate the plastic factories—these men are not monsters. They are just ordinary human beings, like you and me. They all want the genuine satisfactions, contentments, and joys that they can get out of life. They don't want to sterilize, dehumanize, themselves. So, where does the fault lie?

I THINK this war has brought us to a cross-roads where it is now possible (even necessary) that we take a new *psychological* road in life. I said at the outset of this article that the Englishman was too much obsessed with politics—if you go by British newspapers, and especially the weeklies, you might think that political changes held out the right answers to everything. And, as I have just demonstrated, the Americans are obsessed with the idea that technical advance means a corresponding advance in human progress. Well, every one knows that it just doesn't. But whether he will be willing to admit it or not (even to himself) is a far different matter.

It is right here, in the conscious making of this admission, that I think the new attitude —or the new psychological advance, which is the best thing to call it,—enters in. I don't think that it needs much argument to make the average Englishman admit that, in his heart of hearts, he has nowhere near the faith in, or hopes from, the three big political parties in Great Britain that he had at the end of the last war. The Liberals were never in office in the twenty wasted years between the two wars, so they can still go to the polls promising that they will have many of the right answers if they get elected this time. But Labour was in twice, and twice funked the challenge of the nationalization they now claim to be the core of their programme for making a stronger and better Britain. And, so paltry was their performance, the only Labour Minister who did anything *specific*, so far as I can remember at this minute, to better the lives of the average man between 1919 and 1939, was poor old George Lansbury, who put free chairs and playgrounds in Hyde Park for London's children (much against the fiery protests of the "upper classes") and built a very enjoyable and cheap British Lido on the Serpentine. And the Conservatives? . . . well, they certainly funked any large public works programme to give the unemployed men and women life-saving and soul-saving work—instead of letting them rot on the "dole." When the Conservative Government changed the name "Distressed Areas" to the "Special Areas"—so that the former accurate description did not rise up to reproach them every time those stricken areas came into a discussion—they tacitly admitted their own mental and moral bankruptcy, so far as looking after the welfare of the working man is concerned. They defaulted on that problem. No one can deny that. And they did more, because of that, to make Mosley & Co., and the Black and Brown Shirts of Europe than most of the leading Fascists or Nazis could have done.

No, if you ask any British soldier (and I'd like to see some M.P.s trying it) you will find that the fighting man takes a very poor view of the politicians. He has more fear than faith when he is forced to listen to them selling their wares at election times. In fact, after you have analysed the great mass of letters from men on the fighting fronts you get the impression that they consider the politicians a race apart.

But, as the doctors say, to recognize a disease is the first essential step towards curing it. These two blind faiths—in politics and technology—have been with us a long time. They are not on the way out yet. And, as I see things, they will inevitably dictate the course of things to come in the immediate post-war world. Britain *will* now hook herself up to this hysterical manufacturing programme, planning to add at least 50 per cent, if not double her pre-war exports. The Americans are going to do very much the same thing—also go hog-wild pouring out all the cheap plastic and pre-fabricated products that have been discovered owing to the man-power shortage of this war. A man from Mars, coming down to this earth, will with good reason ask, after witnessing the insanity of this war: "When is it all going to stop? When will that poor damned thing they call the Human Race sit down and take a rest?"

Such being the case, being geared up to a higher industrial pitch than ever, helpless and hopeless now unless we can keep all our machinery at work—then it is obvious that the psychological (*Continued on page* 62)

Cinema PRODUCTION

Comfortable . . .
Sensible . . .
Stylish . . .

by Hurrells of NORWICH
EST. 1875

WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED

The **TRUTH** about King Charles and Nell Gwynn

The hist'ry books are most unkind,
(At least, we've always reckoned)
They say too much of
Miss Nell Gwynn
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'Tis most unjust. We must protest.
King Charles was no lounge lizard.
Why did he visit
Nelly Gwynn?
Her EKCO set
was wizard!

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FOR *TRUE* RECEPTION

ALLENBURYS makes proud mothers . . . .

Pride in baby's development and steady progress is a natural result of using Allenburys Foods. They provide the best alternative to natural feeding, being made from fresh full-cream milk suitably enriched for building strong bones and healthy teeth.

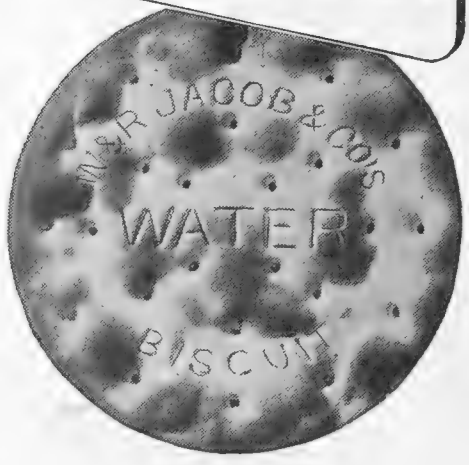
Digestibility is assured by the Humanising process used in manufacture. Every mother or mother-to-be is invited to send for a Practical Book on Baby Care, enclosing 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.2.

Allenburys

FOODS FOR INFANTS

F 38

JACOB'S water biscuits



★ AVAILABLE ONLY WITHIN A LIMITED AREA UNTIL REMOVAL OF RESTRICTIONS

advance must come first with the individual man and woman, long before it becomes widespread enough to influence a nation's mentality.

The organs which influence public opinion are owned and controlled almost without exception by the big financial interests in peace time. The outstanding exception that I would make, so far as England is concerned, is the B.B.C. But you can't make that exception in the United States because most of the radio programmes, in fact all the good ones, are what are known as "sponsored"; i.e. paid for by the advertising departments of the immense big-business corporations. And no words speaking against the sanctity of bigger business will ever be heard over the air on the hours that they pay for! Neither, because of the advertisers, will you get any real criticism on that score in the big daily newspapers.

But if, here in England, during the reconversion period from war to peace-time life, the Liberal and Labour daily press—and the weekly political and intellectual periodicals, in particular—conducted a strong campaign from now on—*which threw all accent on living*—then I think that out of this repeated expression of a refusal to accept industrial progress as the only way—the only *possible* road to the nation's peace, contentment and happiness—then, I believe, the big political parties would eventually be forced to adopt a new psychological attitude themselves.

As it is, this country will go to the polls largely divided on the sole question of nationalization and Government control versus the return to unrestricted private enterprise and the swift abolishment of all controls. Yet neither of these two opposite solutions offers any advance in the personal happiness of any man or woman. Both mean (or promise) an increase of Britain's industrial effort. There it is: in the final analysis it always comes down to bigger and better business.

All Work And No Play?

IT may be both tragic and ironic to point this out now. But we used to say before the war that "the French know how to live." What did we exactly mean by it? In my opinion what we were thinking of when we so admired the Frenchman was the amazing pleasure that he managed to get out of all the small things of life. We certainly did not mean that we admired the French as big businessmen.

And it is on this note that I wish to end this article. There is a strong example there, in the way the average Frenchman used to live, which leads directly to a better, more full, and more satisfying personal life. I no more have the answer than politics or technology have ever had as to what really makes for a nation's happiness. But the germ of an idea is (or was) contained in the psychology of the French way of life.

I think that every one who has known and appreciated that life will hope with all his heart that the French will be able to work back to it. I also think they will hope, with all their hearts, that we could work forward to it.

END

Magyar Sleeved Tunic

(*Continued from page* 43)

armhole end rows. Return to the first 68 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR SLEEVE AND BACK OPENING (end on the 5th row of patt.)

6th row of patt.—Inc. 1 st. each end of this row (137 sts.).

Work 5 rows, (inc. 1 st. each end of the next row) (139 sts.).

Divide sts. for the back opening.

Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row, work 69 sts., (place the remaining 70 sts. on a spare needle). Continue on the first 70 sts., inc. 1 st. every 6th row following at the armhole edge until 77 sts.

SHAPE FOR SHOULDER AND NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows, at the same time casting off 3 sts. at beg. of every neck edge row until 16 sts. remain. Work, keeping the neck edge straight, but cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 armhole end rows.

Join wool at the centre back and work the 70 sts. on spare needle to correspond (but do not inc. at the armhole end of the 1st row).

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 7 sts. Work in moss st. for 13 ins. Cast off.

SLEEVE EDGING

With No. 12 needles cast on 9 sts. Work in moss st. for 15 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Press out the patt. well. Sew up the side and shoulder seams.

Sew edging round neck. Sew edging round sleeves. With a No. 10 crochet hook work a row of d.c. down the left side of back opening. Work 2 rows down the right side of right opening. Work * 3 ch. 4 d.c. into the next 4 d.c. Rep. from * until 5 button loops have been worked. Press all seams and sew on buttons.

Battle Dress Blouse

(*Continued from page* 43)

edge row, then work 2 ins. at the same time dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for the felt front, with shapings on the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 56 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and main patt. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 92 sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 40 sts. remain. Then 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins., inc. 1 st. each end of every row until 140 sts.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 6 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 rows. Make a button slot. Rib 3 sts. Rib on these 3 sts. for ¼ in. Break off wool. Return to the remaining 3 sts. and rib for ¼ in. Now rib across the 6 sts. again. Continue in ribbing for 13 ins. Cast off.

FRONT STRIP

With No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make a buttonhole. Rib 3 sts., cast off 4 sts., rib 3 sts. Continue in ribbing for 12 ins., making 4 more buttonholes 4 ins. apart. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

BELT

With No. 12 needles cast on 24 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 28 ins. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

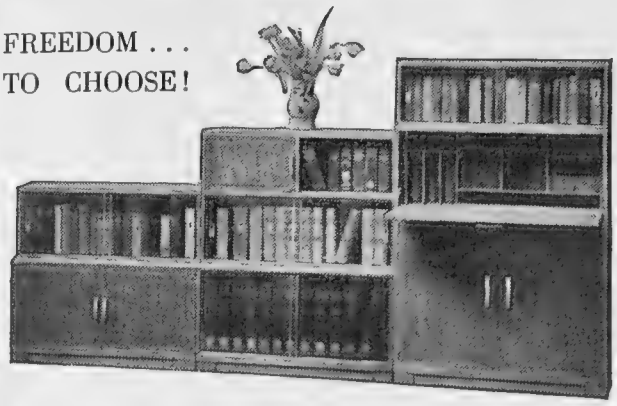
Press all parts with warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side. Sew up the shoulder side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the front strips. Sew on the neck band. Work a row of d.c. round the collar. Sew on collar. Sew on belt. Press all seams. Sew on buttons and hooks and eyes on the inside of the belt.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; sl. = slip; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing; beg. = beginning; m. = make; rep. = repeat; patt. = pattern; d.c. = double crochet; ins. = inches.

END

FREEDOM . . .
TO CHOOSE!



FREEDOM to live our lives as we will. To spend our leisure sunk in the luxurious comfort of a Minty chair; a Minty bookcase within easy reach, stocked with our favourite authors. Not least among the things we now look forward to in the near future is the freedom to choose the things we love—to be able to ask for Minty furniture and get it.

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Minty's plans for Peace production are well advanced. Minty bookcases, chairs, etc., will be available at the earliest possible moment, following the release of materials of requisite quality for their manufacture.

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Subtly natural . . .
sublimely in tune with
your own loveliness . . .

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Product of Sandora Ltd., Waxwell Farm House, Pinner, Middlesex

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Utility Corsetry now improved by Warner's LE GANT

LE GANT ALPHABET BRASSIERES

Morning Parade: 1 teaspoon of 'Milton' in a glass of water. Bathe underarms. Result—free from perspiration taint. 'Milton' costs 8d. and 1/11½d. Read *Married Wisdom*—a booklet for women by a doctor. Send 1d. stamp to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 12, John Milton House, London, N.7.

"PLEASE, WHEN CAN WE HAVE CHIVERS JELLIES?"
Sorry Johnny, not just yet. We'd like to say "now" because hundreds of letters tell how much CHIVERS JELLIES are being missed by children. As soon as ever we are allowed to make them again we'll let you know—and then, with these lovely Jellies, parties will become real parties once more.
CHIVERS & SONS LTD.
The Orchard Factory,
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE
J398

Coastwise

(*Continued from page* 16)

with difficulty decipher the words "Table of Harbour Dues," and below them in faded letters and figures the precise amount to be paid in respect of every quintal, hogshead, chaldron, sack, and so on and so forth, unloaded from vessels using the harbour facilities of Oldport. The Harbour Master's office is still there; but his pen is rusted, his inkpot is dry. The broom which hangs on the wall, ready to be affixed to the mast of any ship for sale, has not been taken down for years. If there is a Harbour Master at all, which seems doubtful, his office is as much a sinecure as that of the Champion of England or the Keeper of the King's Conscience, while as for chaldrons and quintals and the rest, such things have not been seen in the place for many a long year gone.

When that board was freshly painted, young men home from sea strolled along the street and filled the "Pilot Boat" with noise and life. There were swearing parrots and singing shells and ships in bottles in every Oldport home. A few of the parrots are still alive, I daresay, for parrots live long. But most of the shells murmur no more, for the rising generation has broken them, and as for the bottled ships, dealers from the cities bought most of those up when the vogue for them was at its height.

There was work in those days for those who wanted it. There was scope and a chance for the young man with ambitions. The windows of Oldport looked out on the wide world. Oldport young men seldom stayed at home. The same holds good now, also; with this difference, that whereas in bygone days they roamed the world round and came home in the evening of their days, to-day they drift with the others to the great centres of population and their native place sees them no more.

They were a great school and breeding ground for seamen, these lesser ports of England. Drake and his peers, to a man, learned the ways of salt water in the Channel and the grey North Sea; that same North Sea where one, James Cook, fresh from his counter at the Yorkshire grocer's, had his first schooling. Captain Woodget, the *Cutty Sark's* most famous commander, started his sea career in a billyboy trading with glass bottles between Seaton Sluice and London River.

OLDPORT is only one of scores—one might almost say, of hundreds. You may find them, these mouldering, forsaken outports, on every coast in England. There are deserted maltings on the shores of Nelson's Norfolk, some of them empty and falling to ruin, some converted into desirable marine residences at astronomical rents. There are saltings on the Solent, and great gaunt tide mills where the spider spins her webs among the rusting machinery and the tide runs sobbing under the rotted wheels. One can name a score almost at random—Overy Staithe, Lyme Regis, Lymington, West Bay, Wells-next-Sea, and a host of others. Gone, too, and these beyond recall, the craft that prospered with them—the billyboys, the brigs, the schooners, and the rest, that traded with flour and malt and hops and bricks and bottles or round the land with blue Bethesda slates.

I do not know what has been happening to Oldport since the war wrapped it in a mist of security silence, though I do know that on a certain day of June not long ago—the great day of the little ships—it once more sent of its best in the hour of its country's need. I know, too, that its men, young and old, have once more written their names on the pages of history in waters even Cook never knew.

Is it too much to hope that for Oldport and its like a new day may be dawning? The end of this war, as of the last, will see hundreds of seamen on the beach, and hundreds of small craft, especially motor craft, put out of commission. Last time, they lay and rusted in harbours and estuaries, while in every seaport sailors stood in the cold rain waiting for a ship. Why should not the two be brought together again, and our coastwise trade become once more what it was in days gone by—a source of employment and profit to the community at large, and a great nursery of British seamen.

END

GIVE YOUR TEETH DAY & NIGHT A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE 7½d
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D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

A Ship Is Born

(*Continued from page* 25)

the specialists who catch them in a bucket, insert them into the appropriate boring and then compress them at both ends until a watertight joint is effected. As this is high-speed work, the rattle of riveting when a ship is being built sounds like rapid machine-gun fire.

As soon as the bottom plates are erected, the keelson is commenced; this is a sort of steel girder of a depth of three feet or so; its lower edge is sealed to the keel, its upper edge serves to carry the plating of the double-bottom, which contains the bilges, into which loose water will drain when the ship is commissioned, and from whence the "bilge" can conveniently be pumped. At the moulded stern the construction of the shaft-tunnels is commenced. The shaft-bearings are also laid down. The tunnel is a maze of ingenuity; one of the most vital parts of a ship, the arched top of this tunnel is strong, so that weighty parcels of cargo—which might carry away from the slings—might not crush the structure and warp the long propeller shafts.

Meantime, ashore, the mighty propelling engines are being created. This is a highly specialized craft—even more so than the actual hull-building. There lacks space to enter into a detailed description of the intricate processes involved. By comparison, boiler-making—proceeding simultaneously—is simple. But tubular boilers, too, call for skill and adroitness in their design and building, so that every ounce of fuel-energy might be fully employed.

Additionally, an army of individual tradesmen is employed in preparing the deck and interior fittings. No wonder it takes thousands of expert craftsmen to complete a ship! Joiners, carpenters, upholsterers, painters, brass-workers, scientific instrument-makers, carpet fitters, polishers—their name is veritably legion.

Since a ship is to be completely self-contained, a multitude of fittings are necessary, from ice-cream makers to fire-extinguishers. Naturally, the auxiliary machinery such as winches, windlasses and capstans used for handling the ship in port and her cargoes, receive prime consideration; but these labour-saving devices are the creation of specialist firms and their making is performed anywhere, however remote from the building slips. The giant cables and anchors, too, are forged separately; whilst the depth-recording instruments, the direction finders, the gyroscopic compasses all come into their respective categories as "superfine fittings." As oil is so largely used as a motive power, the bunker-tanks to hold the oil require deep consideration; they must be interlaced with steam pipes to liquefy the fuel, since the crude oil employed is almost solid at low temperatures, and when this happens, to feed it to the stokehold burners becomes impossible.

As the fabric takes shape, and before the shaft-tunnel is roofed in, the twin propeller shafts are positioned in their careful bearings; and the screws themselves are keyed to the tail-shafts. The stern-glands, the apertures through which the tail-shafts emerge, are lined with lignum vitae, to stand up to the friction of almost ceaseless movement. These stern-glands need to be perfectly fitting, to avoid the risk of wasteful leakage. And everything, whether a boiler-seating or an intake valve, must be "trued" to the thousandth of an inch.

As the structure rises in shapeliness—built for strength and speed she acquires beauty automatically—the various decks are laid. With the decks (*Continued on page* 66)

Let admiring
glances tell you . . .
of the smooth, dazzling
perfection of your skin when you use

Icilma
FOUNDATION CREAM
IN JARS 2/2, 10½d

Also Face Powder in boxes 2/2, 10½d
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"I award all the credit for my snow-white linens and cottons to . . ."

PAROZONE

No greying evidence of the longer usage which replacement restrictions has imposed on them offends the eye . . . the darns and patches of wartime service pass almost unnoticed in a ground of matchless beauty and snow white loveliness. My pride in "making do" increases with each wash day, and for this happiness of mind and effectively resisting the marks of time on my precious household linens, I give all the credit to Parozone.

FROM GROCER OR STORE
Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW; and at London & Nottingham

NO
'Golden Shred'
J.R. instead

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevent the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years old tradition still count for a lot.

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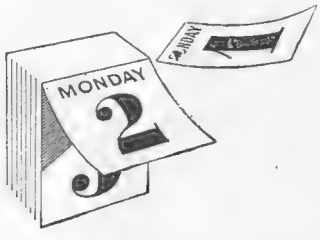

It won't be long, then—
AERTEX

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

A Ship Is Born

in place the division of the hull into various compartments ensues. Hold-space is marked off and watertight bulkheads are erected, complete with automatic doors; the passenger-decks are specially protected against fire and flooding. Water mains are led throughout the working decks, with special sprinklers for the hold-space.

Presently the hull is complete enough for launching: always a ceremony of importance. Custom ordains that a woman shall christen the new fabric as it moves down the ways, when the dog-shores are knocked away. Wine is used at this baptism, but it is only a substitute for the human or animal blood that was once used to consecrate a new-born ship to the sea.

The ship's cables are secured ashore as she takes her run to what becomes her natural element; that is to prevent her running away. Some ships have been known to launch themselves, with disastrous consequences. Some create havoc as they take the water, and endow themselves with ill-luck from the moment of their launching. Such unfortunates are dubbed "hoodoo" ships and are avoided by self-respecting seamen.

From being an inert conglomeration the ship becomes "alive" once she enters the water; she attains a springiness which seamen call her soul. Afloat, she is towed to her fitting-out berth, where great cranes are available to lift into her the mighty engines and boilers that form her strong heart. Much of the auxiliary machinery is brought aboard here and bolted to the specially strengthened decks on sites already prepared.

The erection of the engines, the seating of the boilers, the adjustment of steam and water connections, the linking up of the various pumping systems—to fill the boilers, to maintain sanitary services, fire-precautions, bath-water for passengers and crew—all these take time and care. But the ship begins to look more and more like a ship. With the boilers installed the funnel or funnels are erected. When the engines are down below engine-room superstructures go up, with skylights and all the paraphernalia needed to turn what would otherwise be an inferno into a salubrious workroom. The ventilating systems require careful planning, especially so if the ship is designed for the tropical trade. The electric wiring, from dynamos to binnacle-lamps, is sufficient for a small town. Make-and-break contacts are affixed to all doors giving on the open deck, so that lights inside automatically extinguish as doors are opened, to prevent the deck-staff being dazzled by a sudden burst of light when their eyes are needed to detect some indistinct object well outboard.

The captain selected for the command of the new beauty has been standing by during construction, so has the chief engineer, to learn the ins and outs of a new responsibility. Officers are already selected, but they do not sign on, normally, until the ship is ready for sea.

A crew is also picked by the chief officer and second engineer. Presently, the Blue Peter is hoisted at the foremost truck to indicate sailing day. The passengers arrive and flock aboard a fabric that was once an odd assortment of steel plates, timber baulks and coils of rope, but that is now a sea-going ship, complete from truck to keel with everything the heart of sea-traveller could most desire. The telegraph rings. Steam hisses in the boilers. The throttles are thrown slowly open; the power passes into the engines, thence to the shafts and propellers and slowly, stately, the new queen of the white waters moves away to meet whatever fate may be pleased to send, from scorching calm to screaming typhoon. As the result of many brains' and hands' work, a ship is born and comes alive to the first throb of her powerful propellers.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

his mouth into grotesque shapes with his fingers and making faces at himself; then he would rush into the kitchen, roaring with laughter." Some English readers may not be moved as easily, for it is not every one's humour, much of it being slapstick and even custard-pie. Others will rock at these fantastic episodes and vote the Bulosan family and its boarders the funniest since the Marx Brothers and Laurel and Hardy. They have the simple sort of genius which should make rollicking films.

A STIRRING sword-and-cloak romance of the time of James, and William of Orange, and the intrigues over the succession, is Mr. John Fitzgay's "Royal Twilight" (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.), which describes the exploits of one Digby Rufford, whose mission it is to win over the Spanish Queen Marie Louise against France, and those of an adventuress, Mrs. Sarah Verrel, who becomes implicated in the tangled plotting and counter-plotting. There is a Stanley Weyman vividness about this story of court life in seventeenth-century Spain and England.

EVER since "The Edge o' Beyond" we have regarded Rhodesia as an ideal background for a romantic story. Miss Jane England, who knows it well, makes it the setting of "The Widening Pool" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.), a drama of love, Fifth Column intrigue, and hairbreadth escapes in native wilds, focused on a self-centred farmer and his daughter and niece, an emotional clash between the two women which is resolved by the self-sacrifice of the nobler. Old Kernahan, the farmer, is a dominating study in a novel of character as well as action, in which the hot African background casts a particular spell.

THIS is so much a Woman's Age that—in thrillers, at least—she must even excel as crime sleuth, leaving no stone unturned even in New Scotland Yard. We already have a schoolmarm amateur. In Mr. George Braddon's "That He May Die" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), a police inspector's wife, Dr. Evelyn Chase, is the wizard who helps to solve a revenge murder between crooks in which a portable electric fire in a bathroom plays a lethal part. It is an ingenious story. Soon there will be nothing for Scotland Yard men to do except write on case-sheets: "Passed to you, dear." What a pity Conan Doyle never lived to create a Mrs. Sherlock Holmes who would combine crime with cookery, sleuthing with queueing, ciphers with sinks!

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of our readers:—

"The Ghost Pulls the Jackpot," by R. B. Saxe (John Long, 9s.). A novel for those who love thrills and suspense intermingled with laughable wise-cracks and extremely funny situations.

"Western Approach," by Frank Stafford (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). This story moves quietly by seaways, waterways, and mountain tracks as it follows the mysterious pilgrimage of two girls to the lonely isle far out in the west where adventure awaits them.

"Low Spirits," by Joan Butler (Stanley Paul, 9s.). Another all rollicking fun novel by the author of "Team Work."

"Green Fields Beyond," by R. Cameron Ward (Rich & Cowan), 8s. 6d.). A love story which has for its setting a large farm in beautiful, beloved Devonshire.

"Divorce? Of Course," by Mary Essex (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.). Written in the author's most humorous vein with the scene set mainly in and around the divorce courts.

"Tinsel Paradise," by Edith Nepean (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d.). A romantic post-war drama of modern life.

"The Triumphal Chariot," by Peter Irving (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). The story of a wife who, through the agency of war, has been given a career independent of her husband, and consequently finds her former life unsatisfactory and insufficient.

END

Brian is *always* lively-

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

"California Syrup of Figs"

All Change Here!

(*Continued from page* 42)

with the stair-carpet, which is easy enough to lay on the straight part of the stairs (carpet-layers are practically non-existent; this is a job that one must do oneself) but as tricky and elusive as an eel when it comes to a bend.

I was perfectly prepared to have to shift for myself in every way, in the manner in which most of us have become thoroughly accustomed—but instead of being left, forlornly, to my own devices, I found myself with a charming daily maid, who lives (could anything be more convenient?) just across the road; a gardener; a deliverer of daily newspapers and even of a local evening paper; electricians to hang my chandeliers and shift power and light plugs; a neighbour of exceptional talent to launder and iron my lingerie; help with "the rough"; and tradesmen who call and deliver from the nearby shopping town. Maybe I am peculiarly lucky; maybe I showed remarkably good judgement in the first place; maybe I have happened upon a singularly amiable village. . . . Or is it that assistance of any kind is harder to come by in dear, difficult London?

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

Landscape wallpapers will be available, and these are not only decorative, but very easy to live with, especially if you use them for entrance halls and dining-rooms. For sitting-rooms the panelling designs are charming. Sometimes an Adam motif is used between the panels, and soft pink, yellow, blue or green stipple paper is used, and the panels enclose a similar paper with a diaper design in off-white. Many of the new wallpaper schemes have a ceiling paper to go with them. Sometimes wallpaper is used for the ceiling only. A trellis-work design on a white ground can be used for the ceiling, and the walls distempered white with a rough surface.

Several different kinds of paper can be used in the same room. For instance, panels of Persian wallpaper on each side of a fireplace, with a panel of plain, textured paper between; the side walls may be papered in Venetian red, and the ceiling covered with light buff paper, sprinkled with silver stars.

The historical part of the exhibition was fascinating, and I can't help hoping that some of the wallpapers of the future will be copied from the nineteenth-century English and French papers.

END

You'll Do

(*Continued from page* 32)

"The heavy, unimaginative Victorian father!"

"Peace'll break out presently," he went on. "And he'll be out of the Air Force. How much will he earn as an author in the first few years?"

"Very little. But he will later on—as much as he wants, anyway."

"I'm going to put my cards on the table. If you marry him, you get—nix."

"That will make things rather difficult!" she conceded.

"I thought you'd see what I'm driving at. With him, you get nothing. But without him—that's another matter."

She met his glance casually, smiled, and held it: "Go on," she said.

"If you agree not to marry him—there's a thousand pounds for you—ten hundred-pound Bank of England notes. Lovely, aren't they?"

He exposed to her gaze a bundle of beautifully printed notes. It was the cheapest of cheap tricks, of course, but apparently she did not resent it for she said: "That's rather an idea."

"I'm not often wrong. I knew you had it above the ears," he said admiringly.

"But what (*Continued on page* 68)

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guarantee have you that I'll keep my word once I get the money?"

"Ah! I've seen my lawyer and I've had a little statement drawn up for you to sign."

"For you to show Tony?"

"For me to do anything that I damn well like with."

"You really are a most amusing old rascal," she smiled.

"Is it a deal?" he asked.

"Let me see this statement."

He took a paper from his pocket and passed it to her. She read it carefully.

"The amount isn't filled in," she said.

"Er—no—I'll——"

"No you won't," she said. "A thousand is quite inadequate. We'll make it fifteen hundred. Otherwise the statement is quite in order. I agree not to marry Anthony Tressider in consideration—and so on."

"Twelve fifty's the limit."

"Then the deal's off, Sir John. You see, I'm a business woman."

"I'll say you are. Fifteen hundred, then. Got a pen?"

"In the cottage. Come inside."

"Now put your name there," he said, after he had inserted "Fifteen hundred" in the blank space.

She signed it, and held out her hand for the notes which he counted off.

"Fifteen hundred," he said and gave them to her in exchange for the statement.

"This'll open his eyes," he said with a grin. "Here—what's this? You've written—Mary Tressider!"

"Of course. It happens to be my name. Tony and I were married last Saturday morning."

His jaw sagged for a moment.

"You know, Sir John, this money will come in *most* useful. This is my cottage and I've a small income. With this money—don't they feel deliciously thick?—we shall be able to devote three years—even more—to achieving his great ambition—to be a writer."

Slowly he tore the statement into little pieces and suddenly smiled.

"That money I've just given you is a wedding present," he said. "I know when I'm beaten. You'll do, my dear."

"You said that your judgment of a person is infallible, so I should really be flattered."

"You and I are going to understand each other."

"I hope so," she said with another of her smiles. "Excuse me," she went on as the telephone rang.

"Oh, it's you, beloved," he heard her say. "Never better, my dear. By the way, Sir John is here. Your father—no, I'm not loopy. He's an absolute old dear, Tony. He's given us a lovely wedding present. No, I've not been drinking. I never drink. I tell you, my sweet, he's here now. Hold on. Like a word with Tony, Sir John?"

"Hullo, Tony," he said. "Yes. A little bird whispered to me and I came over to see what kind of a judge you were. That's good. Next week-end? Your mother'll be as fond of her as I am."

"He seemed a bit surprised," he said as he replaced the receiver. "Looks as if he rather expected me to throw my weight about."

"How absurd of him," Mary smiled.

END

Going Back To The Old Life . . .?

(*Continued from page* 15)

pre-war wealthy fashionables, who after all had to pay the bill out of their private pockets.

But as the café society and smart set pleasuring faded, the pleasure life of the warriors and war-workers rose crescendo. Race meetings were limited, but all were crowded, horse-race news commanded almost as much space in some newsprints as a major battle, and bookmakers prospered. Cinemas were sold out after six, and the theatre business was so brisk that rents jumped from £300 to £600 a week, and in the absence of new plays Shaw and Shakespeare, Turgenev and Oscar Wilde, the twenty-year-old *Rose Marie*, and the forty-five-year-old *Belle of New York*, packed out the house. Nightly there were dances, whist drives, organized frolics. Night clubs boomed. Luxury restaurants were booked out for lunch and dinner daily, and that mainly on a vegetable hors-d'œuvre and mince menu. The pubs were packed out, and breweries paid higher dividends. The radio poured forth entertainment endlessly, piping it into the war factories and practically on to the battlefields. And ENSA developed assembly-belt, or mass-production, entertainment.

Every big camp had its entertainment hall where ENSA companies ran three nights of living entertainment and three nights of cinema. Regular entertainment was provided in 1,000 great factories by 120 companies. At its peak ENSA was giving 2,500 shows a week in Britain alone.

On a higher plane, CEMA (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), starting with a £25,000 grant from the Pilgrim's Fund (later, the Treasury took over) reached a peak of 150 concerts a week around the country. Sixty parties a week would visit London's poorer quarters and give two and three concerts a night. Performances of great plays by fine actors were given in local halls all over the country. Pictures were taken on tour from London galleries and the annual Royal Academy show.

And all this happened in the midst of the world's greatest war, with Britain's man and money power strained to its limits.

But it was a world phenomenon. Travelling around in the track of war, you'd find pleasure bubbling everywhere. You hopped a plane for the Pacific war. In New York, 10,000 night spots, yet you found it almost as hard to get in unbooked as to get a lunch table at the Savoy. Until Washington clapped down a midnight curfew, night clubs everywhere were jiving until 4 a.m. In a jammed-up Leon and Eddie's, pretty girls to dance with. In Detroit, a female comic packing 1,200 nightly into an overgrown bierstuben. In Seattle, slot machines clanging away chunks of war-workers' biggest-ever wages. In 'Frisco, crowds of sailors and soldiers splurging hoarded pay on a last-leave fling. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, strip-tease shows drawing record gates.

You join a plane-load of war correspondents and drop down in Honolulu. Maybe you knew it in the days of surfboard bathing and flower lei which you bought for 2s. to hang around the neck of the girl you were meeting for the dance at the Moana at Waikiki. You guess that it has changed from a pleasure spot into a stern war base, and you find yourself as much in error as a Honolulu citizen who guessed about life in London from newspaper stories stressing the blitz and Churchill's blood-sweat-and-tears slogan.

In the lounge of the big USO club by the waterfront you find a seething mass of soldiers, sailors and air force men jitterbugging with native Hawaiian and mixed-breed girls. You move over to the Moana, remembering the girls of yesterday in their tropical evening frocks, the young men in their white mess jackets. There they are again, only now they're mostly in uniform. A few men dine and dance with orchidaceous dazzlers, resident girls of Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese-Hawaiian ancestry. Leis are not much in evidence. The trouble is they cost 15s. now—25s. on gala days. The girls prefer the escort who forgets flowers but brings along his week's club-ration quart of Scotch or Bourbon. That, now, is real attention. It might be affection. It could be love.

The one thing missing is the old-time leisure and languor. Every one seems conscious of the brevity of a wartime entr'acte. A transport pilot who had spent a couple of short leaves on the island told me that with all the inventiveness packed into this war, it was a pity someone hadn't found out how a tired and life-hungry man could relax, rest, play poker, drink, and make love, all at once, and round the clock, and come out of it feeling good and fresh and ready for the job again.

It's possible that an entrepreneur I talked to lately had something like that in mind when he planned his idea of the pleasure spot which he thinks will catch on to-morrow as dog racing and dance halls did yesterday—and, of course, incidentally make him a large fortune.

His blue-prints pictured a space covering several acres, under a series of sliding roofs—for the British weather is unreliable—and with a central space spread over with an immense dance floor made of translucent plastic which can be illuminated from beneath. Around it are grouped other functional spaces, at different levels. Balcony bars and restaurants commanding high views of the city roofs, and ground-level replicas. A battery of skittle alleys. Two blue lagoons: one, periodically agitated by waves, for strong swimmers, and another, a smooth and summery pool, for playtime bathers. Sunlight lamps over the pools to simulate high summer on days when the roofs don't slide back to disclose a hot sun in a cloudless sky. Rows of bunks on which people wearing sunglasses and slips can lie and start a tan or deepen an existing one under a sunray lamp.

Music seeping through hundreds of grills connected with a central distributing stage where dance or symphonic orchestras play or the radio programme can be caught, amplified, and disseminated. Outside, two 1,000-car parks. One, free. The other, an open-air cinema drive-in, cars queueing to move through turn-stiles, and the film thrown on a giant screen facing a row of assembled cars. Uniformed male attendants check the cars, provide free air and water, sell petrol and oil. Girls in white satin slacks take orders for buffet dishes and drinks and bring them on trays.

The dreamer has to find one or more "angels" to make his dream come true: but so did the Canadian who, after the last war, brought to England the notion of greyhounds chasing a mechanical hare. Nobody believed in his dream, and it was only after some bottles had been emptied in an hotel lounge that an ex-chief constable, a pier proprietor, and one or two others, summoned courage to put up £5,000 between them to float the wild gamble. Later, the pier proprietor told me that he had sold his £1,000 lot of founder shares for £40,000, and thought he had probably cashed in too early.

However, that's pleasure business. Or, it was. Now it is tending, along with all big business, on which much capital and many jobs depend, to move into zones of integration and rationalization, where risks are minimized by a nicer balance between the supplier and distributor of the pleasure.

But in between the big capitalist-monopolists and near-monopolists, and the lose-your shirt-or-win-a-fortune gamblers on the fringe, there is ample room and lifetime opportunities for enterprising and adventurous spirits. Old pleasures, in which there was easy money, have moved or are moving out, and new pleasures and pleasure ways are coming in on a high tide. And the old pleasure entrepreneurs are passing, or have passed, leaving room for newcomers.

END

1.7.45

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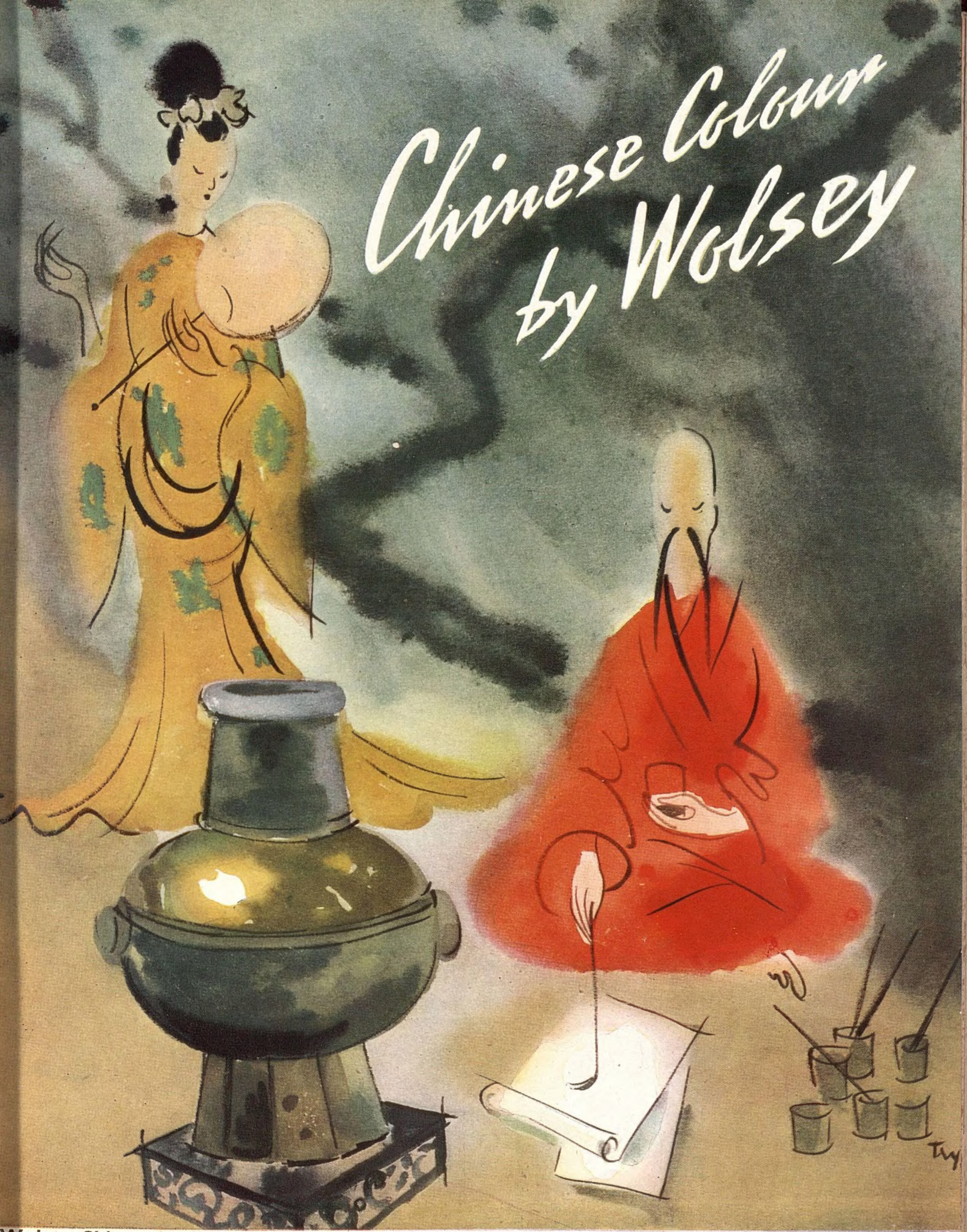

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